The Rialto, Venice

THE ALDUS SHAKESPEARE

WITH COPIOUS NOTES AND COMMENTS BY
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MERCHANT OF VENICE

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EDITIONS

Two Quarto editions of *The Merchant of Venice* were printed in the year 1600, with the following title-pages:— (i.) *The Excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Jew towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia, by the choyse of three Caskets. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed by J. Roberts,* 1600. This Quarto had been registered on July 22, 1598, with the *proviso* "that yt bee not printed by the said James Robertes or anye other whatsoeuer without lycence first had from the Right honorable the lord chamberlen." This edition is generally described as "the first Quarto." (ii.) *The most Excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Jew towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh: and the obtayning of Portia by the choyse of three chests. As it hath beene divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London. Printed by I. R. for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon.* 1600. This, the second Quarto, had been entered in the Stationers' Registers on October 28 of the same year "under the handes of the Wardens and by consent of master Robertes." It seems therefore likely that "I. R." are the initials of the printer of the first Quarto, though the same type was not used for the two editions, which were evidently printed from different transcripts of

the author's manuscript. Quarto 1 gives on the whole a more accurate text; in a few instances it is inferior to Quarto 2.

The second Quarto was carelessly reprinted in 1637, the only addition being a list of "The Actors' Names"; in one instance it improved on the previous editions ("in measure reine thy joy," III, ii, 112, instead of "rain"). A fourth Quarto, probably the third with a new title-page, appeared in 1652. Prof. Hales has suggested that the publication of this Quarto was connected with the proposed re-admission of the Jews into England, which was bitterly resented by a large portion of the nation; "the re-exhibition of Shylock in 1652 could scarcely have tended to soften this general disposition."

The text of the first Folio edition (1623) represents that of the second Quarto with a few variations, the most interesting being the change of "the Scottish lord" into "the other lord," evidently in deference to the reigning king.

During the first half of the eighteenth century a "low comedy" version, *The Jew of Venice*, by George Granville, Viscount Lansdowne, supplanted Shakespeare's play, and held the stage from the date of its appearance in 1701; Macklin's revival of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Drury Lane in 1741 dealt a death-blow to Lansdowne's monstrosity, and restored again to the stage

"The Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

THE ORIGINAL SHYLOCK

In the Funeral Elegy of the famous actor, Richard Burbadge, "who died on Saturday in Lent, the 13th of March 1618," there is a valuable reference to Burbadge's impersonation of Shylock:—

"Heart-broke Philaster, and Amintas too,
Are lost for ever; with the red-haired Jew,
Which sought the bankrupt merchant's pound of flesh,
By woman-lawyer caught in his own mesh;

What a wide world was in that little space,
Thyself a world—the Globe thy fittest place."

(For the interpretation of the character by Macklin, Kean, Irving, and Booth, *cp.* Furness' *Variorum Edition*, pp. 371–385.)[1]

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The Merchant of Venice is mentioned by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598; in the same year Roberts entered it on the books of the Stationers' Company. This is the earliest positive allusion to the play. In Henslowe's Diary under the date August 25, 1594, mention is made of "*The Venesyon Comodey*" (*i.e.* "*The Venetian Comedy*") as a new play; one cannot, however, with any certainty identify Henslowe's comedy with *The Merchant of Venice*, though it seems likely that we have here a reference to a rough draft of the play as we know it,—a partial revision of some older play used by Shakespeare, hastily re-written to satisfy popular feeling against Dr. Roderigo Lopez, the queen's Jewish physician, who was executed on June 7, 1594, on the charge of being bribed by the King of Spain to poison the Queen (*cp. The Original of Shylock*, by S. L. Lee, *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1880; the article on *Lopez* in the *Dictionary of National Biography; the Conspiracy of Dr. Lopez, The Historical Review*, July, 1894). It is a significant fact that Lopez's chief rival was the pretender Don Antonio.[2] A noteworthy imitation

[1] The most valuable of all the editions of the play (published by Lippencott, 1892), edited by Horace Howard Furness.

[2] Lopez was for a time attached to the household of Lord Leicester. James Burbadge, the father of Richard Burbadge, one of "the Earl of Leicester's company of servants and players" must have had many opportunities of seeing Lopez, when the doctor was attending the Earl at Kenilworth. It has been suggested that the traditional red beard of Shylock was actually derived from Burbadge's personal knowledge of Lopez. But it is now generally accepted on ample evidence that there were many Jews scattered throughout England in the Elizabethan period, though their formal re-admission was brought about by Cromwell.

of the moonlight scene between Lorenzo and Jessica occur in the play *Wily Beguiled*, probably written in 1596–7; similarly in a Latin play, *Machiavellus*, acted at St. John's College, Cambridge, at Christmas, 1597, (preserved in the Bodleian Library), there is the incident of a Jew whetting his knife, which may well have been taken from Shakespeare.

Finally, Shakespeare's debt to Silvayn's *Orator* has an important bearing on the date of the play; the English translation appeared in 1596; it is just possible, but unlikely, that Shakespeare had read the work in the original French. The play may perhaps safely be dated "about 1596"; the evidence will allow of nothing more definite.

THE SOURCES

In 1579 Stephen Gosson, who had himself been a writer of plays, published his *School of Abuse*, containing a pleasant invective against "Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters and such like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth: setting up the flag of defiance to their mischievous exercise, etc., etc." the book is a vigorous attack on the acted drama; yet he confesses that some of their plays are without rebuke "which are easily remembered as quickly reckoned"; he proceeds to enumerate four plays; one of these *The Jew* shown at the Bull, seems to have been the groundwork of Shakespeare's play, "representing," as Gosson tells us "the greediness of worldly choosers, and bloody minds of usurers." It is clear from these words that the blending of the bond story and the three caskets was already an accomplished fact in English dramatic literature as early as 1579. There is probably a reference to this old play in a letter of Spenser to Gabriel Harvey of the same year 1579, in which he signs himself "He that is fast bound unto thee in more obligations than any merchant of Italy to any Jew there"; and again perhaps the Jew Gerontus in *The Three Ladies of London* (printed in 1584), who tries to recover a loan of "three thousand ducats for three

month" from an Italian merchant Mercatore may have been derived from the same source. "Gernutus" was possibly the name of Shylock's prototype; he is the hero of an old ballad dealing with the bond story. Its omission of all reference to Portia, makes it probable that this ballad preceded Shakespeare's play, though the extant text belongs to the end of the sixteenth or to the beginning of the seventeenth century.[1]

There are many analogues in European and Oriental literature to the two stories which constitute the main plot of *The Merchant of Venice*. As far as the pound of flesh and the lady-judge is concerned, the Italian story in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino is alone of direct importance as an ultimate source of the play (*cp.* Hazlitt's *Shakspere's Library*, Part I, Vol. i). There can be no doubt that Shakespeare was indebted to this novel.

The Gesta Romanorum—Richard Robinson's English version entitled, *Records of Ancyent Historyes* (1577)—contains the nearest approximation to the story of the three caskets as treated in this play.[2]

Shylock's argument in the trial scene (Act IV, i, 89–102) bears a striking resemblance to "Declamation 95" in Silvayn's *Orator* (referred to above) "of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian."

The elopement of Jessica has been traced by Dunlop to the *Fourteenth Tale of Massucio di Salerno*, who, enamored of the daughter of a rich Neapolitan miser, carries her off much in the same way as in the play. It is not improb-

[1] "*A new song, shewing the cruelty of Gernutus a Jew, who lending to a Marchant a hundred crowns, would have a pound of his Flesh, because he could not pay him at the day appointed.* To the Tune of Black and Yellow" (*cp.* Percy's Reliques, etc.; the text will be found in most editions of the play). This ballad must be distinguished from Jordan's ballad of 1664 (*cp.* Furness' Variorum ed., p. 461), in which the author took strange liberties with Shakespeare's story.

[2] The various analogues of both stories are given in Furness' edition, pp. 287–331.

able that the avaricious father in this tale, the daughter so carefully shut up, the elopement of the lovers managed by the intervention of a servant, the robbery of the father, and his grief at the discovery, which is represented as divided between the loss of his daughter and ducats, may have suggested the third plot in Shakespeare's drama.

Finally, account must be taken of the influence exercised on Shakespeare by Marlowe's *Jew of Malta;* the number of parallel passages in the two plays evidences this sufficiently; there is also similarity in the situation between father and daughter ("Oh, girl, oh, gold, oh, beauty, oh, my bliss"); Barabas and his slave should be compared with Shylock and Launcelot Gobbo; Marlowe's "counter-argument ad Christianos," as Ward puts it, anticipates Shakespeare's; yet withal "Marlowe's Jew does not approach so near to Shakespeare's as his Edward the Second does to Richard the Second. Shylock, in the midst of his savage purpose, is a man. His motives, feelings, resentments, have something human in them. 'If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?' Barabas is a mere monster, brought in with a large painted nose to please the rabble. He kills in sport, poisons whole nunneries, invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as, a century or two earlier, might have been played before the Londoners by the Royal Command, when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been resolved by the Cabinet" (Charles Lamb).

DURATION OF ACTION

Various attempts have been made to calculate the action of the play; we know that the whole is supposed to last three months, but ten weeks have already expired in Act III, i; three months have passed between Bassanio's departure from Venice and his choice of the caskets; his stay at Belmont before the opening of Act III, ii, cannot have been long; Portia bids him "pause a day or two. . . . I would detain you here some month or two." So many events have, however, happened during the first

two acts that one gets the impression that many weeks have passed, and the three months are compressed into seven or eight days. Daniel (*Time-Analysis of the Plots of Shakespere's plays*) computes the time thus, though one cannot follow him in making Bassanio's sojourn at Belmont last as long as three months:—

Day 1. Act I. Interval—say a week.
Day 2. Act II, i–vii. Interval one day.
Day 3. Act II, viii–ix. Interval—bringing the time to within a fortnight of the maturity of the bond.
Day 4. Act III, i. Interval—rather more than a fortnight.
Day 5. Act III, ii–iv.
Day 6. Act III, v—Act IV.
Days 7 and 8. Act V.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

In 1598, under date of July 22, the following entry w made in the Stationers' Register by James Roberts: " book of *The Merchant of Venice*, or otherwise called t Jew of Venice. Provided that it be not printed by t said James Roberts, or any other whatsoever, witho licence first had from the right honorable the Lord Cha berlain." It was also included in the list given the sa year by Francis Meres in his *Wit's Commonwealth*. The are the earliest certain notices of the play that have co down to us; though there is some ground for thinking th it was on the stage four years earlier. In Henslow's *Diar* under date August 25, 1594, occurs an item relating the performance of a play called *The Venetian Comed* which Malone conjectured might be the same as *T Merchant of Venice*. In 1594 the company to whi Shakespeare belonged was playing at the theater in Ne ington Butts; and, so far as can now be learned, Henslo company was playing there at the same time: which le some support to Malone's conjecture.

Touching the entry in the Stationers' books, it sho be noted that the purpose of the proviso was, to preve the printing of the play, till the company's permission w given through their patron. *The book of the Mercha of Venice* was again entered in the same Register, Thomas Heyes, October 28, 1600, the Lord Chamberlai license having probably been obtained by that time. T same year two editions were put forth, in quarto pamphle one of which had thirty-eight leaves, and a title-page re ing as follows: "The most excellent History of t

Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylock the Jew towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh: and the obtaining of Portia by the choice of three chests. As it hath been divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London: Printed by J. R. for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paul's Church-yard, at the sign of the Green Dragon. 1600." The other quarto was "printed by J. Roberts;"—the same J. R., most likely, who printed the edition for Heyes. But though both were by the same printer, and issued the same year, they were entirely distinct impressions. Of course Roberts was both printer and publisher; Heyes only the latter. Of these two editions it seems questionable which is to be preferred: both appear to have been equally authorized, and were probably from different manuscripts; at all events, neither was printed from the other. There was no other issue of the play, that we know of, till the folio of 1623, where it stands the ninth in the list of Comedies. The repetition of various misprints shows the folio to have been printed from the edition of Heyes.—Two other contemporary notices of the play are found in the account of expenses for the year 1605, as kept by the Master of the Revels, and preserved at the Audit Office: "By his Majesty's Players. On Shrove-Sunday a play of the Merchant of Venice." And "on Shrove-Tuesday a play called the Merchant of Venice again, commanded by the King's Majesty." Which argues that the play gave good satisfaction at court. "Shaxberd" is set down as "the poet which made the play;" the name having been written by the same hand, no doubt, which gave us a like specimen of orthography in the case of Measure for Measure.

The Merchant of Venice, then, was certainly written before the Author's thirty-fifth year, perhaps before his thirty-first. If it were clear that the notice in Henslow's *Diary* referred to this play, that of course would settle the question in favor of the earlier date. But the best that can be said on that side is, that no other play has come

down to us which answers so well to the title there given;—a thing of little weight, considering how many dramas of that period are known to have been lost. And the play exhibits throughout such variety and maturity of power, as make strongly for the later date: the style is every where so equal and sustained; every thing is so perfectly in its place and fitted to its place; the word and the character are at all times so exactly suited to each other, and both to the paramount laws of dramatic proportion; and the work is so free from any jarring, or falling-out, or flying-off from the due course and order of art, as almost to compel the belief that the whole was written in the same stage of intellectual growth and furnishing. And the play evinces in a remarkable degree the easy, unlaboring freedom of conscious mastery; the persons being so entirely under his control and subdued to his hand, that he seems to let them talk and act just as they have a mind to.

Perhaps there is no one of his plays in which the Poet has drawn more largely from preceding writers: novelty of plot or story there is almost none; his mind being apparently so drawn off in creative exercise as to generate an utter carelessness of what is usually termed invention. If any one infer from this that the play is lacking in originality, we can only advise him to think again, and not to speak until he thinks differently. Some of the materials here used were so much the common stock of European literature before his time, and had been run into so many variations, that it is not easy to say what sources he was most indebted to for them. The incidents of the bond and the caskets are found separately in the *Gesta Romanorum*, a very ancient and curious collection of tales. To set this matter clear, it must be noted that there were two collections bearing this title, the one in Latin, the other in English; and that the incidents in question occur in both, though with considerable variations. Of the Latin *Gesta* no printed copy of so early a date as the Poet's time has been discovered; but Mr. Tyrwhitt gives some extracts from a manuscript in the British Museum, which he thinks

may have been the remote originals of the play. The immediate originals were probably in the English *Gesta*. Of the story containing the choice of caskets a version was put forth by Robert Robinson as early as 1577, and has been lately reprinted in the *Shakespeare Library*. The Poet is clearly traced in this quarter, as will appear from the following abstract of so much as relates to the matter in hand, and especially from the inscriptions, which we give just as they stand in the old copy.

A marriage was proposed between the son of Anselme, emperor of Rome, and the daughter of the king of Ampluy. On her way to the prince's country the young lady was shipwrecked, none of the crew but herself escaping. In this condition an earl, named Parris, found her as he was walking by the sea-shore, and took her under his protection, and, having heard her story, made it known to the emperor. To ascertain whether she were worthy of his son, he set before her three vessels; the first of gold, filled with dead men's bones, and bearing the inscription,—"Whoso chooseth me shall find that he deserveth;" the second of silver, filled with earth, and inscribed,—"Whoso chooseth me shall find that his nature desireth;" the third of lead, full of precious stones, and having the motto,—"Whoso chooseth me shall find that God hath disposed to him." He then told her to choose one of the vessels, and that if she made the choice of that wherein was profit to herself and others, she should have his son; if not, she would lose him. After praying to God for assistance, she made choice of the leaden casket. He then told her she had chosen wisely, and immediately gave order for the marriage.

There is also a choice of caskets in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, though not much like that in the play; nor does any one pretend that Shakespeare made any use of it.

In the story of the bond as told in the *Gesta*, the parties are simply a knight and a merchant, and therefore act from no such prejudices as move Antonio and Shylock. The knight undertakes a love suit to the daughter of

Selestinus, a wise emperor in Rome, and certain strang terms are agreed upon between them as the condition o her favor. As fast as he fulfills these terms, he is yet mor strangely thwarted of his purpose, until, being thereby a length reduced to poverty, he applies to the merchant for loan of money, to carry him through one more trial. Th merchant agrees to furnish him "on condition that if thou keep not thy day of payment, it shall be lawful to me fo to draw away all the flesh of thy body from the bone with a sharp sword." Accepting these terms, and binding him self accordingly, the knight, thus furnished, wins the lady and, in the sweetness of wedlock, forgets the bond till th day of payment is past. When his wife learns how th case stands, she directs him to pay the merchant whateve sum he may ask. Upon this business he departs; but th merchant, refusing the money, insists upon the covenant and judgment is rendered in his favor. The rest of th story must be given in good old English, as printed by Mr. Douce from a manuscript written in the time of Henry VI.

"Now, in all this time, the damsel his love had sen knights for to espy and enquire how the law was pursue against him. And, when she heard tell that the law passe against him, she cut off all the long hair of her head, an clad her in precious clothing like to a man, and went t the palace where her leman was to be judged, and salute the justice, and all they trowed that she had been a knight And the judge enquired of what country she was, an what she had to do there. She said, I am a knight, an come of far country, and hear tidings that there is a knight among you that should be judged to death for an obliga- tion that he made to a merchant, and therefore I am com to deliver him. Then the judge said, It is a law of th emperor, that whosoever bindeth him with his own prope will and consent without any constraining, he shall b served so again. When the damsel heard this, she turne to the merchant, and said, Dear friend, what profit is it t thee that this knight, that standeth here ready to the doom

be slain? it were better to thee to have money than to have him slain. Thou speakest all in vain, quoth the merchant; for without doubt I will have the law, since he bound himself so freely; and therefore he shall have none other grace than law will, for he came to me, and I not to him. I desired him not thereto against his will. Then said she, I pray thee how much shall I give to have my petition? I shall give thee thy money double; and if that be not pleasing to thee, ask of me what thou wilt, and thou shalt have. Then said he, Thou heardest me never say but that I would have my covenant kept. Truly, said she; and thou shalt trow me afore you, sir judge, and afore you all, with a right wisdom of that that I shall say to you. Ye have heard how much I have proffered this merchant for the life of this knight, and he forsaketh all, and asketh the law, and that liketh me much; and therefore, lordings that be here, hear me what I shall say. Ye know well that the knight bound him never by letter but that the merchant should have power to cut his flesh from the bones, but there was no covenant made of shedding of blood; thereof was nothing spoke; and therefore let him set hand on him anon; and, if he shed any blood with his shaving of the flesh, forsooth, then shall the king have good law upon him. And when the merchant heard this, he said, Give me my money, and I forgive my action. Forsooth, quoth she, thou shalt not have one penny; for afore all this company I proffered to thee all that I might, and thou forsook it, and saidst with a loud voice, I shall have my covenant; and therefore do thy best with him; but look that thou shed no blood, I charge thee, for it is not thine, and no covenant was thereof. Then the merchant, seeing this, went away confounded. And so was the knight's life saved, and no penny paid."

As this work is not known to have been in print till put forth by Mr. Douce, it appears not but that the Poet may have read it in manuscript. This, to be sure, is no proof that he did so, for many things in print then have been lost altogether: but perhaps it should make men cautious how

they limit his reading to such printed books of that time a have come down to us.

The same incident is again met with in *Il Pecorone* c Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, which was written as early a 1378, but not printed till 1550. The earliest known tran lation of this tale was made in 1755, which, together wit the original, has been republished by Mr. Collier in h *Shakespeare Library*. No version of so early a date a the play having been heard of, we have no means of knov ing whether the Poet read it in Italian or in English. I the novel the residence of the lady, who answers to Porti is placed at Belmonte, an Italian seaport. Being mistre of the port and the country round, she offers herself an all that belongs to her in marriage upon certain cond tions, which we cannot stay to repeat, and would not if w could. In the pursuit of this prize many gentlemen hav been ruined, as all the wealth they brought with them w to be forfeited unless they fulfilled the conditions; whic her wise ladyship still disabled them from doing by givin them sleeping potions. Her last suitor is a young Flore tine named Giannetto, who, first for his father's sake, the for his own, is greatly beloved by Ansaldo, the riche merchant in Venice. Three times Ansaldo fits him out wit fine ships and rich cargoes to trade in company with sever friends at Alexandria, and as often the young gentlema though a miracle of virtue and talents, contrives to ste away from his companions into the port of Belmont Twice he falls a victim to the lady's potions, and retur poor and ashamed to Venice, but keeps up his credit b inventing such causes of miscarriage as leave him u blamed. To complete his third outfit, Ansaldo was force to borrow ten thousand ducats of a Jew, and gave a bon that if payment were not made by a certain day, the Je might take a pound of flesh from any part of his body h pleased. This time, upon his arrival at Belmonte, one o the lady's maids whispers in his ear how to succeed. Th intoxication of his new state drowns the memory of h benefactor till the very day of payment comes. Bein

hen by an accident reminded of it, and greatly troubled hereat, he makes known the cause of his distress, and brthwith sets out for Venice, with ten times the sum due. o sooner is he gone than his wife follows him in the disuise of a lawyer, and, arriving in Venice, gives herself ut as a graduate of the law-school at Bologna. Lawyers eing then rather scarce, she is called in to the trial, which nder her conduct turns out much the same as in the play. n his fullness of gratitude Giannetto offers her the ten housand ducats, and she refuses them, declaring she will ccept nothing but his marriage ring, which he at last gives er. Afterwards she banters him upon the loss of it, and hen discloses what she has done; and finally Giannetto rewards his benefactor with the hand of the servant-maid who whispered in his ear the way of success.

This outline is enough to certify the reader that Shakespeare had access to the novel in some form or other; though no one can well conceive the wealth of his adding without reading the original story. It should be remarked withal, that evident as are the Poet's obligations in this quarter, he varies from it in such a way as to show an acquaintance with the similar tale in the *Gesta Romanorum;* while his substituting the caskets for the unhandsome conditions, imposed by the heroine of the novel, illustrates how well he understood the moral laws of his art; that whatsoever offends against virtue and honor is so far forth offensive to nature and good taste.

The matter of the bond and its forfeiture is again found in *The Orator*, a book containing "a hundred several Discourses," translated from the French of Alexander Silvayn by Anthony Munday, and published in 1598. A Christian merchant owed a Jew nine hundred crowns, which he bound himself to pay within three months, or to give him a pound of his flesh. The time being passed, the Jew refused the money, and stood upon the bond. The ordinary judge of the place appointed him to cut a pound of the merchant's flesh, and, if he cut either more or less, then his own head should be smitten off. The Jew appealed from this sen-

tence to the chief judge; and the Discourse in question is made up of the Jew's argument and the Christian's answer. Shakespeare has no signs of obligation in that quarter; so that the matter as there handled is of no consequence in this connection, save as showing the commonness of the incident. Mr. Douce indeed says, "Shylock's reasoning before the senate is evidently borrowed" from *The Orator;* which breeds some doubt whether he had ever read the latter.

In Percy's *Reliques*, among the "ballads that illustrate Shakespeare," we have "A new Song, showing the cruelty of Gernutus, a Jew, who, lending to a merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of his flesh, because he could not pay him at the time appointed." Some question has been made whether the ballad or the play were written first; but we are satisfied, for reasons which need not be stated here, that the ballad was before the play; and the first stanza suggests the novel, of which we have given an outline, as the probable foundation of it:

> "In Venice towne not long agoe a cruel Jew did dwell,
> Which lived all on usurie, as Italian writers tell."

Here again the Poet is clearly traced by certain resemblances of expression: in the play we have,—"Go with me to a notary, seal me there your single bond; and in a merry sport," etc.; and again,—"Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?" and in the ballad,—"But we will have a merry jest for to be talked long;" and again,—"The bloudie Jew now ready is with whetted blade in hand."—Some lines of the same story are traceable in various other quarters: in fact, it has been seen in so many places, that nobody can tell whence it came or whence it was seen first. Probably it was of eastern origin; one of the many things which, originally set on foot by Arabian fiction or some neighboring authority, have been happening from time to time ever since.

Thus far we have not seen the two incidents of the bond and the caskets united; yet it is by no means certain that

Shakespeare was the first to unite them. In 1579, one Stephen Gosson, having, as would seem, been certified of his own election in such sort and manner as left him full leisure to hunt up and whip the faults of others, put forth a tract entitled "*The School of Abuse, containing a pleasant invective against poets, pipers, players, jesters, and such like caterpillers of the commonwealth.*" He was pleased, however, to except from the general censure "The Jew shown at the Bull, representing the greediness of worldly choosers and the bloody minds of usurers." No performance answering to this description has in modern times been discovered; but the expressions, "worldly choosers" and "bloody minds of usurers," look as if the two incidents in question had been combined before *The Merchant of Venice* was written. The praise which has been, perhaps justly, bestowed upon this feature of the play, naturally makes us curious to know how far it was original with Shakespeare; but there is little prospect that such curiosity will ever be gratified. Most likely, however, the knowledge of the whole truth would cause no great abatement in the Poet's fame.

Mr. Verplanck has raised an interesting inquiry as to what may have put Shakespeare upon such a choice of subject. The old form of a bond for the payment of money was an obligation to pay a larger sum, generally double, unless payment were made at the stipulated time. The common law held that on the forfeiture of the bond the whole penalty was recoverable; but here the courts of equity stepped in, and would not permit the lender to take more than "in conscience he ought;" that is, the sum lent, with interest and costs, and the damages, if any there were, caused by non-performance of some other contract. Hence a struggle between what were called the old-school and new-school lawyers, which began in the time of Henry VIII, and continued till the reign of Queen Anne, when it was settled by statute in favor of the equitable doctrine. This legal controversy was at its height in Shakespeare's time; and as it entered largely into the concerns of busi-

ness, it became a matter of general popular interest. That there were many cases of hardship, in enforcing penalties well known to the people of London, is quite probable; and something of the kind seems referred to in the ballad of Gernutus the Jew:

> "Good people, that do hear this song, for truth I dare well say,
> That many a wretch as ill as he doth live now at this day."

Mr. Verplanck thinks, and with great apparent reason, that this controversy may have suggested the subject of the play; not indeed that the Poet had any thought of writing a law-lecture or an argument on the point, but that he saw the advantage of using a traditionary plot involving a principle familiar to the minds of his audience and pregnant with allusions of immediate interest.

The praise of *The Merchant of Venice* is in the mouth of nearly all the critics. That this praise is well deserved appears in that, from the reopening of the theaters at the Restoration till the present day, the play has kept possession of the stage, while at the same time it is among the first of the Poet's works to be read, and the last to be forgotten, its interest being as inexhaustible in the closet as upon the stage. Well do we remember it as the very beginning of our acquaintance with Shakespeare; one of the dearest acquaintances that we have ever made, and which has been to us a source of more pleasure and profit than we should dare undertake to tell. Whatsoever local or temporary question may have suggested the theme, the work strikes at once upon cords of universal and perpetual interest: if it fell in with any prejudices or purposes of the time, this was to draw men's thoughts the more surely because secretly, into the course and service of truth; to open and hold their minds, without letting them know it, to grave, solemn lessons of wisdom and humanity; thus like a wise master-builder, using the transient and popular for the building up of the permanent and beautiful. It is this power of causing that men be really elevated while thinking they are but pleased; of raising us above our

elf-ends by seemingly ministering to them; that often ren-ers poetry so much more effectual for moral instruction nan lectures and sermons: these, by telling men they ought o be better, are apt to foster in them the conceit that ney are so; whereas the other, even because it does not ell them this, is more apt to make them so: in a word, it nstructs them all the better forasmuch as it does not ir up in them any notion or fancy that they have been in-tructed.

Critics, no doubt, have too often entertained themselves nd others with speculations as to the Poet's specific moral urpose in this play or that. Wherein their great mistake s the not duly bearing in mind, that the special proposing f this or that moral lesson is quite from or beside the urpose of art. As already hinted, a work of art, to be eally deserving the name, must needs be moral, because it nust be proportionable and true to nature, thus falling in ith the preëstablished harmonies between our inward be-ng and the measures of external order and law: otherwise is at strife with the compact of things; a piece of dis-onance; a part all out of concert and tune with itself; a arring, unbalanced, crazy thing, that will die with the creechings and gratings of its own noise. If, therefore, work be morally bad, this proves the author more a ungler than any thing else; and if any one admire it or ake pleasure in it, he does so, not from reason, but from assion, or from something within him which his reason, n so far as he hath any, necessarily disapproves: so that he s rather to be laughed at as a dunce, than preached to as a inner.

Touching the moral design of *The Merchant of Venice*, ritics have differed greatly, some regarding it as teach-ng the most large and liberal toleration, others as caressing he narrowest and bitterest prejudices of the age. This ifference among the critics is a strong argument of the oet's impartiality; for where no one view is specially rominent, there is the more room for men to attribute uch as they may severally prefer, and for each to show

his own mind in the work of interpretation. For our own part, we are satisfied that in this case, as in others, the choice and treatment of the subject were mainly for poetic and dramatic effect; but for such effect in the largest and noblest sense,—the sense intended by Ben Jonson in that great and most apt expression.—"He was not of an age but for all time." And the highest praise that the nature of the work might allow is justly his, in that he did not let the prejudices of his age sway him either way from the just measures and proportions of art. On this point therefore, we do greatly approve the remarks of Mr. Verplanck: "When the subject expanded itself in his mind he described and he reasoned from his own observation of man and society. He therefore painted men as he had seen them;—the wisest and kindest blinded by the prejudices of their education or their country, and becoming hardened to inflicting insolence and injury;—the injured, the insulted, the trampled upon, goaded by continual wrongs into savage malignity. Had the Poet invested the despised and injured man with the gentle and more amiable qualities of our nature, and enlisted our sympathies wholly on his side, he would have painted a far less true view of human nature, and have conveyed a much less impressive and useful lesson of practical morality."

In point of characterization *The Merchant of Venice* is exceedingly rich, whether we consider the quantity or the quality; and the more we think and study the work, the more we cannot but wonder that so much of human nature in so great a variety of development should be crowded into so small a space. The persons naturally fall into three several groups, with each its several plot and action; yet the three are most skillfully complotted, each standing out clear and distinct in its place, yet concurring with the others in dramatic unity, so that every thing helps on every other thing, without either the slightest confusion or the slightest appearance of care to avoid it. Of these three groups it is hardly needful to add that Antonio, Shylock and Portia are respectively the centers; while the part

Lorenzo and Jessica, though strictly an episode, seems, nevertheless, to grow forth as an element of the original germ, a sort of inherent superfluity, and as such essential, not indeed to the being, but to the well-being of the work: in short, a fine romantic undertone accompaniment to the other parts, yet contemplated and provided for in the whole plan and structure of the piece; itself in harmony with all the rest, and therefore perfecting their harmony with one another.

It is observable that the first entry in the Stationers' Register speaks of the play as "a book of the Merchant of Venice, or otherwise called the Jew of Venice;" as if it were then in question whether to name the piece from Antonio or Shylock. Individually considered, Shylock is altogether the character of the play, and exhibits perhaps more strength and skill of workmanship than all the others. So that, viewing the persons severally, it seems that the piece ought by all means to be called *The Jew of Venice*. But upon looking further into the principles of dramatic combination, we may easily discover cause why it should rather be named as it is. For if the Jew be the most important person individually, the Merchant is so dramatically. Thus it is the laws of art, not of individual delineation, that entitle Antonio to the preëminence, because, however inferior in himself, he is the center and mainspring of the entire action: without him the Jew, great as he is in himself, had no business there; whereas the converse, if true at all, is by no means true in so great a degree.

Not indeed that the Merchant is a small matter in himself; far from it: he is every way a most interesting and attractive personage; insomuch that even Shylock away, still there were timber enough in him for a good dramatic hero. A peculiar interest attaches to him from the state of mind in which we first see him. He is deeply sad, not knowing wherefore: a dim, mysterious presage of evil weighs down his spirits, as though he felt afar off the coming on of some great calamity; yet this strange, un-

wonted gloom, sweetened with his habitual gentleness a good-nature, has the effect of showing how dearly he held by such whose friendship is the fairest earthly pu chase of virtue. This boding, presentimental state mind lends a certain charm to his character, affecting something as an instance of second-sight, and coalesci with the mind's innate aptitude to the faith that

> "powers there are
> That touch each other to the quick—in modes
> Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
> No soul to dream of."

And it is very considerable that upon spirits such as even the smiles of fortune often have a strangely sadde ing effect; for in proportion as they are worthy of the they naturally feel that they are far otherwise, and t sense of so vast a discrepancy between their havings a deservings is apt to fill them with an indefinable oppressi dread of some reverse wherein present discrepancies sh be fully made up. So that wealth seldom dispenses su warnings save to its most virtuous possessors. And su is Antonio: a kind-hearted, sweet-mannered man; of a lar and liberal spirit; affable, generous, and magnificent in h dispositions; patient of trial, indulgent to folly, fr where he loves, and frank where he hates; in prosperit modest, in adversity cheerful; craving wealth for the us of virtue, and as the organs and sinews of friendship, that the more he is worth, the more he seems worthy,—h character is one which we never weary of contemplatin The only blemish we perceive in him is his treatment Shylock: in this, though we cannot but see that it is mu more the fault of the times than of the man, we are forc to side against him; than which it were not easy to alle a stronger case of poetical justice. Yet even this we bla rather as an abuse of himself than of Shylock, and thi the less of it as wronging the latter, because, notwithstan ing he has such provocations, he avowedly grounds his ha

ainly on those very things which make the strongest title a good man's love.

The friendship between Antonio and his companions is ch a picture as Shakespeare evidently delighted to draw. nd so noble a sentiment is not apt to inhabit ignoble easts. Bassanio, Gratiano, and Salarino are each adirable in their way, and give a charming variety to the enes where they move. Bassanio, though something too vish of purse, is a model of a gentleman; in whose chareter and behavior all is order and propriety; with whom ood manners are the proper outside and visibility of a ir mind, the natural foliage and drapery of inward reement, and delicacy, and rectitude. Well-bred, he has at in him which, even had his breeding been ill, would ve raised him above it, and made him a gentleman. ratiano and Salarino are two as clever, sprightly, and oluble persons as any one need desire to be with, the chief fference between them being, that the former lets his ngue run on from good impulse, the other makes it do for good ends. If not so wise as Bassanio, they are ore witty, and as much surpass him in strength, as they ll short in beauty, of character. It is observable that the two Gratiano is the more heedless and headstrong in ought and speech, with less subjection of the individual the well-ordered forms of social decorum: so that, if he have not quite so well as the others, he gives livelier proof at what good behavior he has is his own; a growth from ithin, not an impression from without. It is rather remarkable that one so talkative and rattle-tongued should erewithal carry so much weight of meaning; and he ten seems less sensible than he is, because of his trotting olubility. But he has no wish to be "reputed wise for aying nothing;" and he often makes a merit of talking onsense when, as is often the case, nonsense is the best sort sense; being willing to incur the charge of folly, prooded he can thereby add to the health and entertainment his friends.

Lorenzo and Jessica are in such a lyrical state of mind as naturally keeps their characters in the background. Both are indeed overflowing with beauty and sweetness of mind, but more as the result of nuptial inspiration than of inherent qualities; though the instrument had need be pretty well tuned and delicately strung, to give forth such tones, be it breathed upon never so finely. Jessica has been well described as a "child of nature, hurried along by the deep enthusiasm of Eastern love and passion." Her elopement in itself and its circumstances forces us to the alternative, that either she is a very bad child, or Shylock a very bad father; and there are enough other things to persuade us of the latter, though not in such sort but that some share of the reproach falls upon her. For if a woman have so bad a home as to justify her in thus deserting and robbing it, it can scarce be but that the qualities of its atmosphere will have wrought themselves somewhat into her temper and character; so that she will seem without spot or blemish only while in a condition to move our pity. Jessica's lover stands fair in our sight, negatively, because he does nothing unhandsome, positively, because he has such good men for his friends. It is a curious instance of the Poet's subtlety, that what they thus do for him should be in some measure done for her by such a person as Launcelot Gobbo. The better parts of Jessica and the Clown are reflected from each other: we think the better of her that she has kindled something of poetry in such a clod, and of him, that he is raised above himself by the presence of such an object. And her conduct is further justified to our feelings by the odd testimony he furnishes to her father's badness;—a testimony which, though of no great weight in itself, goes far to confirm all that is testified against him by others. We see that the Jew is much the same at home as in the Rialto; that let him be where he will, it is his nature to snarl and bite. Such, in one view of the matter, is the dramatic propriety of this queer being; his part, though often scouted as a hindrance by such critics as can see but one thing at a time, is neces-

sary to the completeness of the work; since without him we could not so well have sufficient knowledge either of Jessica or of her father. But though his main title to the place he fills be on account of others, still he has a value in himself, quite independently of such reference; his own personal rights enter into the purpose of his introduction, and he carries in himself a part of the reason why he is so and not otherwise: for Shakespeare seldom if ever brings in a person merely for the sake of others. A mixture, indeed, of conceit and drollery, and hugely wrapped up in self, yet he is by no means a commonplace buffoon, but stands firm and secure in the sufficiency of his original stock. His elaborate nonsense, his grasping at a pun without catching it, yet feeling just as grand as if he did, is both ludicrous and natural: his jokes, to be sure, are mostly failures; nevertheless they are laughable, because he dreams not but that they succeed. Thus, as hath been well said, "he proves that the poverty of a jest may be enriched in a fool's mouth, owing to the complacency with which he deals it out; and because there are few things that provoke laughter more than feebleness in a great attempt at a small matter." In Launcelot, moreover, the principle and mother element of the whole piece runs out in broad humor and travestie; he exhibits under an intensely comic form the general aspect of surrounding humanity; his character being at the same time an integral part in that varied structure of human life, which it is the genius and office of the Romantic Drama to represent. On many accounts, indeed, he might not be spared.

In Portia Shakespeare seems to have tried what he could do in working out a scheme of an amiable, intelligent, and accomplished woman. And the result is a fine specimen of beautiful nature enhanced by beautiful art. Eminently practical in her tastes and turn of mind, full of native, homebred sense and virtue, she unites therewith something of the ripeness and dignity of a sage, a rich, mellow eloquence, and a large, noble discourse, the whole being tempered with the best grace and sensibility of womanhood.

As intelligent, therefore, as the strongest, she is at th same time as feminine as the weakest, of her sex: she talk like a poet and a philosopher, yet, strange to say, she talk for all the world just like a woman. Nothing can be mo fitting and well-placed than her demeanor, now bracing he speech with grave maxims of moral and practical wisdom now unbending her mind in playful sallies of wit, or inno cent, roguish banter. Partly from condition, partly fro culture, she has grown to live more in the understandin than in the affections; for which cause she is a little mo self-conscious than we exactly like; yet her character scarce the less lovely on that account: she talks consider ably indeed of herself, yet always so becomingly that w hardly wish she would choose any other subject; for w are rather agreeably surprised, that one so fully aware o her gifts should still bear them so meekly. Mrs. Jameson with Portia in her eye, intimates plainly enough that sh considers Shakespeare about the only artist, except nature who could make women wise without turning them int men. And it may be worth remarking, that honorable a the issue of her course at the trial would be to a ma she shows no unwomanly craving to be in the scene of he triumph: as she goes there prompted by the feelings an duties of a wife, for the saving of her husband's hono and peace of mind, so she gladly leaves when these cause no longer bear in that direction. Being to act for on the part of a man, it would seem as though she could scarc go through the undertaking without more of self-conf dence than were becoming in a woman; and the studen may find plenty of matter for thought in the skill where with the Poet has managed to prevent such an impressio It is no drawback upon Portia's strength and substanti dignity of character, that her nature is all overflowin with romance: rather, this it is that glorifies her an breathes enchantment about her; it adds that precious se ing to the eye which conducts her to such winning beaut and sweetness of deportment, and makes her the "rich souled" creature that Schlegel so aptly describes her to b

Shylock is a standing marvel of power and scope in the amatic art; at the same time appearing so much a man nature's making, that we scarce know how to look upon m as the Poet's workmanship. In the delineation Shake-eare had no less a task than to inform with individual e and peculiarity the broad, strong outlines of national aracter in its most fallen and revolting state. Accord-gly Shylock is a true representative of his nation; herein we have a pride which for ages never ceased to pro-ke hostility, but which no hostility could ever subdue; thrift which still invited rapacity, but which no rapacity uld ever exhaust; and a weakness which, while it exposed e subjects to wrong, only deepened their hate, because it t them without the means or the hope of redress. Thus ylock is a type of national sufferings, sympathies, and tipathies. Himself an object of bitter insult and scorn those about him; surrounded by enemies whom he is at ce too proud to conciliate and too weak to oppose; he n have no life among them but money; no hold on them t interest; no feeling towards them but hate; no indem-y out of them but revenge. Such being the case, what nder that the elements of national greatness became ngealed or petrified into malignity? As avarice was the ssion in which he mainly lived, of course the Christian rtues that thwarted this were the greatest wrong that uld be done him.

With these strong national traits are interwoven per-nal traits equally strong. Thoroughly and intensely wish, he is not more a Jew than he is Shylock. In his rd, icy intellectuality, and his "dry, mummy-like tenac-" of purpose, with a dash now and then of biting sar-stic humor, we see the remains of a great and noble ture, out of which all the genial sap of humanity has en pressed by accumulated injuries. With as much sticity of mind as stiffness of neck, every step he takes t the last is as firm as the earth he treads upon. Noth-g can daunt, nothing disconcert him; remonstrance can-t move, ridicule cannot touch, obloquy cannot exasperate

him: when he has not provoked them, he has been forced to bear them; and now that he does provoke them, he is proof against them. In a word, he may be broken; he cannot be bent.

These several elements of character are so complicated in Shylock, that we cannot distinguish their respective influence. Even his avarice has a smack of patriotism. Money is the only defense of his brethren as well as himself, and he craves it for their sake as much as his own; feels indeed that wrongs are offered to them in him, and to him in them. Antonio has scorned his religion, thwarted him of usurious gains, insulted his person: therefore he hates him as a Christian, himself a Jew; as a lender of money gratis, himself a griping usurer; as Antonio, himself Shylock. Moreover, who but a Christian, one of Antonio's faith and fellowship, has stolen away his daughter's heart, and drawn her into revolt, loaded with his ducats, and his precious, precious jewels? Thus his religion, his patriotism, his avarice, his affection, all concur to stimulate his enmity; and his personal hate, thus reënforced, for once overcomes his avarice, and he grows generous in the prosecution of his design. The only reason he will vouchsafe for taking the pound of flesh is, "if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge;"—a reason all the more satisfactory to him, forasmuch as those to whom he gives it can neither allow nor refute it: and until they can rail the seal from off his bond, all their railings are but a foretaste of the revenge he seeks. In his eagerness to taste that morsel sweeter to him than all the luxuries of Italy, his recent afflictions, the loss of his daughter, his ducats, his jewels, and even the precious ring given him by his departed wife, all fade from his mind. In his cool, resolute, unrelenting, imperturbable hardness at the trial, there is something that makes our blood to tingle. It is the sublimity of malice! We feel, and tremble as we feel, that the yearnings of revenge have silenced all other cares and all other thoughts. Fearful, however, as is his malignity he comes not off without moving our pity. In the very

act whereby he thinks to avenge his own and his brethren's wrongs, the national curse overtakes him: in standing up for the law he has but strengthened his enemies' hands, and sharpened their weapons against himself; and the terrible Jew sinks at last into the poor, pitiable, heart-broken Shylock.

The Merchant of Venice is justly distinguished among Shakespeare's dramas for the beauty of particular scenes and passages. For descriptive power, the opening scene between the Merchant and his friends is not easily rivaled, and can hardly fail to live in the memory of any one that has an eye for such things. Equally fine in its way is the scene between Tubal and Shylock, where the latter is so torn with the struggle of conflicting passions, his heart now sinking with grief at the account of his fugitive daughter's expenses, now leaping with malignant joy at the report of Antonio's losses at sea. The trial scene, with its tugging vicissitudes of passion and its hush of terrible expectation, now ringing with the Jew's sharp, spiteful snaps of malice, now made musical with Portia's strains of eloquence, now holy with Antonio's noble gushes of friendship, is hardly surpassed in tragic power any where; and as it forms the catastrophe, so it concentrates the interest of the whole play. Scarce inferior in its kind is the night scene of Lorenzo and Jessica, bathed as it is in love, moonlight, "touches of sweet harmony," and soul-lifting discourse, followed by the grave moral reflections of Portia, as she approaches her home, and sees its lights, and hears its music. The bringing in this passage of ravishing lyrical sweetness, so replete with the most soothing and tranquilizing effect, close upon the intense dramatic excitement of the preceding scene, is such a transition as we may find nowhere but in Shakespeare, and shows his unequaled mastery over the mind's capacities of delight. The affair of the rings, with the harmless perplexities growing out of it, is a well-managed device for letting the mind down from the tragic height, whereon it lately stood, to the merry conclusion which the play requires. Critics,

indeed, may easily quarrel with this merry after-piece; but it stands justified by the tribunal to which criticism itself must bow, the spontaneous feelings of all such as are willing to be made happier and wiser, without beating their brains about the how and wherefore.

Before leaving this fruitful theme, it may be worth the while to consider, for a moment, what a wide diversity of materials are here drawn up and moulded into unity of life and impression. Ben Jonson, in his preface to *The Alchemist*, sets it down as "the disease of the unskilful to think rude things greater than polished, or scattered more numerous than composed." A principle very well illustrated in the play before us. One can hardly realize how many things are there brought together, they are ordered in such perfect concert and harmony; the greatness of the work being thus hidden in its fine proportions. In many of the Poet's dramas we are surprised at the great variety of character: here, besides this, we have also a remarkable variety of plot; and, admirable as may be the skill displayed in the characters, severally considered, the interweaving of so many several plots, without the least confusion or embarrassment, evinces a still higher mastership. For many and various as are the forms and aspects of life, they all emphatically live together, as though they had but one circulation. So that the play is like a large, full-grown, fair-spreading tree, which we know is made up of divers smaller trees, all developed from and cohering in one common life.

Now, admitting the excellence of workmanship shown in the several plots and characters, there is a further question, namely: What business have they here? by what law or principle are they thus brought together? A question that has been handled with so much of ingenuity, or of something better, by Ulrici the German critic, as may well entitle his view to a place in this connection. He regards the whole play as a manifold working out of the principle, that all forms of right and justice, if pushed beyond a

certain point, pass over into their opposites, so that extreme right becomes extreme wrong, thus verifying the old maxim, *summum jus summa injuria.* Which is best exemplified in Shylock, who has formal right on his side, in that he claims no more than Antonio has freely bound himself to pay; but in the strict rigid exacting of this claim he runs into the foulest wrong, because in his case justice is not justice unless it be tempered with mercy: that is, to keep its own nature, it must be an offshoot from the higher principle of charity. So, also, the tying up of Portia's hand to the disposal of chance, and robbing her of all share in the choice of a husband, rests ultimately on paternal right; yet this extreme right is an extreme wrong, because it might involve her in misery for life, but that chance, a lucky thought of the moment, leads to a happy result. Likewise in case of Jessica; her conduct were exceedingly wrong, but that she has good cause for it in the approved malignity of her father's temper; for justice cannot blame her for forsaking both the person and the religion of one, even though her father, whose character is so steeped in cruelty. Again, in the matter of the rings, the same principle is reflected, right and wrong being here driven to that extreme point where they pass over into each other: only Portia understands or feels this truth, because her mind lives in the harmonies of things, and is not poisoned with any self-willed abstraction. Which yields a further justification of the fifth act: "it effaces the tragic impression which still lingers on the mind from the fourth act; the last vibrations of the harsh tones which were there struck here die away; in the gay and amusing trifling of love the sharp contrarieties of right and wrong are playfully reconciled." Thus while the several parts are disposed with clearness and precision, each proceeding so naturally of itself, and alongside the others, that we never lose the thread, at the same time a free living principle pervades them all, rounding them off into a perfect organic whole. And the several parts and persons not

only cohere with one another, but with the general circumstances wherein they occur. Thus in the character of Portia, for example, the splendor of Italian skies, and scenery, and art, is reproduced; their spirit lives in her imagination, and is complicated with all she does and says

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

ANTONIO

In Antonio, the royal merchant, who, amid all his fortune and splendor, is a victim to melancholy and spleen induced by forebodings of coming disaster, Shakespeare has certainly expressed something of his own nature. Antonio's melancholy is closely related to that which, in the years immediately following, we shall find in Jaques in *As You Like It*, in the Duke in *Twelfth Night*, and in Hamlet. It forms a sort of mournful undercurrent to the joy of life which at this period is still dominant in Shakespeare's soul. It leads, after a certain time, to the substitution of dreaming and brooding heroes for those men of action and resolution who, in the poet's brighter youth, had played the leading parts in his dramas. For the rest, despite the princely elevation of his nature, Antonio is by no means faultless. He has insulted and baited Shylock in the most brutal fashion on account of his faith and his blood. We realize the ferocity and violence of the mediæval prejudice against the Jews when we find a man of Antonio's magnanimity so entirely a slave to it. And when, with a little more show of justice, he parades his loathing and contempt for Shylock's money-dealings, he strangely (as it seems to us) overlooks the fact that the Jews have been carefully excluded from all other means of livelihood, and have been systematically allowed to scrape together gold in order that their hoards may always be at hand when circumstances render it convenient to plunder them. Antonio's attitude towards Shylock cannot possibly be Shakespeare's own. Shylock cannot under-

stand Antonio, and characterizes him (III, iii) in the words—

"This is the fool that lent out money gratis."

But Shakespeare himself did not belong to this class of fools. He has endowed Antonio with an ideality which he had neither the resolution nor the desire to emulate. Such a man's conduct towards Shylock explains the outcast's hatred and thirst for revenge.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare.*

In the center of the actors in the play, in a rather passive position, stands Antonio, the princely merchant, of enviable and immense possessions, a Timon and Shylock in riches, but with a noble nature elevated far above the effects which wealth produced in these men. Placed between the generous giver and the miser, between the spendthrift and the usurer, between Bassanio and Shylock, between friend and foe, he is not even remotely tempted by the vices into which these have fallen; there is not the slightest trace to be discovered in him of that care for his wealth imputed to him by Salanio and Salarino, who in its possession would be its slaves. But his great riches have inflicted upon him another evil, the malady of the rich, who have never been agitated and tried by anything, and have never experienced the pressure of the world. He has the spleen, he is melancholy; a sadness has seized him; the source of which no one knows; he has a presentiment of some danger, such as Shakespeare always imparts to all sensitive, susceptible natures. In this spleen, like all hypochondriacs, he takes delight in cheerful society: he is surrounded by a number of parasites and flatterers, among whom there is one nobler character, Bassanio, with whom alone a deeper impulse of friendship connects him. He is affable, mild, and generous to all, without knowing their tricks and without sharing their mirth; the loquacious versatility and humor of a Gratiano is indifferent to him; his pleasure in their intercouse is passive, according to his universal apathy. His nature is quiet and is with

difficulty affected; when his property and his management leave him without anxiety, he utters a "fie, fie," over the supposition that he is in love; touched by no fault, but moved also by no virtue, he appears passionless, and almost an automaton. The position which the poet has given him in the midst of the more active characters of the piece is an especially happy one: for were he of less negative greatness he would throw all others into deep shadow; we should feel too painful and exciting a sympathy in his subsequent danger. Yet he is not allowed, for this reason, to appear quite feelingless. For in one point he shows that he shared the choler and natural feelings of others. When brought into contact with the usurer, the Jew Shylock, we see him in a state of agitation, partly arising from moral and business principles, partly from intolerance and from national religious aversion. This sense of honor in the merchant against the money-changer and usurer urges him to those glaring outbursts of hatred, when he rates Shylock in the Rialto about his "usances," calls him a dog, "foots" him, and spits upon his beard. For this he receives a lesson for life in his lawsuit with the Jew, whom, with his apathetic negligence, he allows to get the advantage over him. His life is placed in danger, and the apparently insensible man is suddenly drawn closer to us; he is suffering, so that high and low intercede for him; he himself petitions Shylock; his situation weakens him; the experience is not lost upon him; it is a crisis, it is the creation of a new life for him; finally, when he is lord and master over Shylock, he no longer calls up his old hatred against him, and, aroused from his apathy, he finds henceforth in Bassanio's happiness and tried friendship the source of a renovated and ennobled existence.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

SHYLOCK

Shylock is a good hater; "a man no less sinned against than sinning." If he carries his revenge too far, yet

he has strong grounds for "the lodged hate he bears Antonio," which he explains with equal force of eloquence and reason. He seems the depositary of the vengeance of his race; and though the long habit of brooding over daily insults and injuries has crusted over his temper with inveterate misanthropy, and hardened him against the contempt of mankind, this adds but little to the triumphant pretensions of his enemies. There is a strong, quick, and deep sense of justice mixed up with the gall and bitterness of his resentment. The constant apprehension of being burnt alive, plundered, banished, reviled, and trampled on, might be supposed to sour the most forbearing nature, and to take something from that "milk of human kindness," with which his persecutors contemplated his indignities. The desire of revenge is almost inseparable from the sense of wrong; and we can hardly help sympathizing with the proud spirit, hid beneath his "Jewish gaberdine," stung to madness by repeated undeserved provocations, and laboring to throw off the load of obloquy and oppression heaped upon him and all his tribe by one desperate act of "lawful" revenge, till the ferociousness of the means by which he is to execute his purpose, and the pertinacity with which he adheres to it, turn us against him; but even at last, when disappointed of the sanguinary revenge with which he had glutted his hopes, and exposed to beggary and contempt by the letter of the law on which he had insisted with so little remorse, we pity him, and think him hardly dealt with by his judges. In all his answers and retorts upon his adversaries, he has the best not only of the argument but of the question, reasoning on their own principles and practice. They are so far from allowing of any measure of equal dealing, of common justice or humanity between themselves and the Jew, that even when they come to ask a favor of him, and Shylock reminds them that "on such a day they spit upon him, another spurned him, another called him dog, and for these curtesies request he'll lend them so much moneys."—Antonio, his old enemy, instead of any acknowledgment of the

shrewdness and justice of his remonstrance, which would have been preposterous in a respectable Catholic merchant in those times, threatens him with a repetition of the same treatment—

> "I am as like to call thee so again,
> To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too."

After this, the appeal to the Jew's mercy, as if there were any common principle of right and wrong between them, is the rankest hypocrisy, or the blindest prejudice; and the Jew's answer to one of Antonio's friends, who asks him what his pound of forfeit flesh is good for, is irresistible—

> "To bait fish withal; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million, laughed at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes; hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer that a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction."

The whole of the trial-scene, both before and after the entrance of Portia, is a master-piece of dramatic skill. The legal acuteness, the passionate declamations, the sound maxims of jurisprudence, the wit and irony interspersed in it, the fluctuations of hope and fear in the different persons, and the completeness and suddenness of the catastrophe, cannot be surpassed. Shylock, who is his own counsel, defends himself well, and is triumphant on all the general topics that are urged against him, and only fails through a legal flaw. Take the following as an instance:—

"*Shylock.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish part,
Because you bought them;—shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? you will answer,
The slaves are ours:—so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it;
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
I stand for judgment; answer; shall I have it?"

The keenness of his revenge awakes all his faculties; and he beats back all opposition to his purpose, whether grave or gay, whether of wit or argument, with an equal degree of earnestness and self-possession. His character is displayed as distinctly in other less prominent parts of the play, and we may collect from a few sentences the history of his life—his descent and origin, his thrift and domestic economy, his affection for his daughter, whom he loves next to his wealth, his courtship and his first present to Leah, his wife! "I would not have parted with it" (the ring which he first gave her) "for a wilderness of monkeys!" What a fine Hebraism is implied in this expression!—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

A word may be said concerning the representation of Shylock. I suppose it is the tradition to represent him as a decrepit, old, and dirty Jew, in worn and almost ragged clothes, with a senile stoop and manner—I have seen him look like Fagin on the stage. The Duke calls him "old Shylock," but to be old is not to be decrepit. He is in full possession of his faculties; he can dine out; he is active on the Rialto; his stormy passion of wrath and revenge is not that of a feeble old man, but of a man of sixty or so

who may be called old, but whose blood is hot and his will resolute.

He is a miser, or rather a gold-breeder, but he is not a ragged miser, nor a dirty one. I am sure Shakespeare meant him to be clean and decently dressed, and respected by his countrymen on the Rialto. The Christians might call him dog, but Tubal and the rest knew better. Though he keeps Lancelot's extravagant temper in order, he does not really stint his food. Loss of jewels and money maddens him, but other folk than misers are affected in the same way. His miserliness has been exaggerated into an extreme, and it is plain that his love of money is absorbed by his hatred and his love of vengeance.

At first he is only the business man who makes money breed as Jacob made his ewes. Then suddenly it occurs to him that he will take the chance of entrapping Antonio; and then hate conquers money-getting. Moreover, the Jew in him arises, and money-getting is also lost in the desire to avenge the cause of Israel against the Christian. Both of those passions mingle in him, one personal, one national, and strengthen one another. Then, he is uplifted, far above the usurer and the vulgar Jew, on to the tragic plane. The servility of the Jew is killed. His speech gains nobility; it is resolute and strong. Only to Tubal, his countryman, does he reveal any weakness after his first outburst of rage in the streets. He claims the law; he appeals to the Duke, he puts the whole of Venice into action and disturbance. He attacks the jailer in the streets for permitting Antonio to take the air. The fury of his passion has made him for the moment another man. He ought to tower in the court. Bated breath and whispering humbleness or mean cunning have nothing to do with his appearance. His revenge should straighten his back, and flame in his eyes, and dignify his port. The more he towers above the rest, the more dramatic his sudden fall may be made; the fiercer, the more absorbing is his passion, the more it forgets everything but itself, the

more the actor has to do when his revenge is cut away from under his feet. When the actor makes him an object of pity during the judgment scene, he misses Shakespeare's aim. When the judgment is given, and not till then, pity may be claimed; but it is pity greatly modified by horror at the image he has presented of unrelenting and furious revenge. I do not believe that Shakespeare meant us to have more pity for Shylock than may be felt for him after his speech in which the Jew appeals to the Christian as man to man: "Hath not a Jew eyes?" Nor do I think that his last speech is the speech of a broken man. Even after his terrible overthrow, enough of the swell of his rage and hatred lasts to take him with some tragic dignity out of the court. He accepts his fate, but it is with flashing eyes, and his "I am not well" need not contradict this. He flings it to them as an excuse for departure.

> I pray you give me leave to go from hence;
> I am not well. Send the deed after me,
> And I will sign it.

When Shylock breaks down, it is when he is alone in his empty house. And Shakespeare leaves that to our imagination.—Brooke, *On Ten Plays of Shakespeare.*

Shylock is, in the first place, a very successful representation of the Jewish national character in general, not of that venerable, grand, even though one-sided spirit which animated the people in the days of Moses, David, and the Prophets, but of that low, undignified, degenerate way of thinking into which the fallen people had sunk during the time of their dispersion over the face of the earth—those centuries of long persecution and sore oppression. Their grand endurance and steadfastness, their strict adherence to religion, custom and law, had during those times changed into obstinacy and self-will; their shrewd intellect into finesse and a talent for speculative combinations; their enthusiasm for prophecy into superstition; their love of inheritance—which was in so far praiseworthy as it was

united with a religious devotion to the land which God had given them, for which they themselves had fought hard, and maintained with trouble and anxiety—had gradually turned into covetousness, into mean, revolting avarice; their feeling of superiority over all other nations—from whom they were distinguished by a purer religious faith—had degenerated into bitter hatred and contempt, and heartless cruelty towards their persecutors. Nothing had escaped the universal degradation except that unconquerable perseverance, that dry mummy-like tenacity of the Jewish nature. Thus Shylock may be said to be the pitiful, decayed ruin of a grand past, the glimmering spark of a vanished splendor, which, although it can no longer give warmth and life, can nevertheless burn and destroy; we can as little deny him our sympathy, as we can repress our disgust at his sentiments and mode of action. And yet Shylock is not a mere Jew in the general sense; in him the Jewish national character appears, at the same time, to be represented in an entirely individual form, in full personal vividness and definiteness. Hatred and revenge, in him, are directed more especially against Christian merchants, who lend money without interest and security so as to help unfortunate debtors and to exercise charity and generosity; Shylock thinks himself thereby more oppressed than by the dog-like manner in which they treat him. For this reason the princely merchant Antonio is a very thorn in his side. His hatred of him even surpasses his avarice, and he plays the part of a high-minded and generous character merely to work a dastardly trick upon him. He contrives with juristic shrewdness and legal knowledge to give this trick the semblance of lawfulness, and in the same way as he holds strictly to the Jewish law, he insists stubbornly upon the letter of the foreign law. Common-sense and shrewdness, in him, clothe themselves in the garb of that peculiarly subtle humor and cutting sarcasm of wit, which he has so freely at his command. Lastly, his love for his daughter, whom he guards as the apple of his eye, and seeks to protect against the baneful

influences of her surroundings, and his faithful attachment to the religion and customs of his ancestors, which he considers as more important than profit and honor, show us a couple of purely human motives, which, to some extent, moderate what is repulsive in his sentiments and mode of action. In describing special, personal features of this kind, not only is that which is general in the national character individualized, but that which would make him a caricature is likewise avoided; the man is saved by the element of humanity.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

SOURCE OF THE CHARACTER OF SHYLOCK

If the fate of Q. Elizabeth's Jew physician, Roderigo Lopez, who, with two other Portuguese, was hung and quartered while alive, on June 7, 1594, for conspiring to poison Queen Elizabeth, so impresst folk's minds that it was taken by Dekker as one of the most prominent features of his *Whore of Babylon*, 1607, and was mentioned by Middleton in his *Game of Chesse* (pr. 1625), I do not see why it, and the discussions he must have heard on it, should not have suggested to Shakspere some of the thoughts which he has expresst by Shylock's mouth.—Furnivall, *The Merchant of Venice* in the *Shakespeare Quarto Fac-Simile.*

THE NAME SHYLOCK

He found the story of the *Merchant of Venice* floating around as a common yarn. He at once seized upon it. He is indifferent as to the characters. He is surrounded by a certain dominant Christian idea. He sketches the characters as he finds them, and as becomes the age; and only in a bigoted age and among an ignorant and prejudiced people would such a character as "Shylock" have received such prestige. As in the case of Dickens and "Fagin" of to-day, the people of that day wanted a type, a type that suited their own low notions of what they

thought a Hebrew should be. "Shylock" was that type, and once drawn by such a master hand as Shakespeare it is no wonder that it "took" with the people of that day, and that the creation passed down to our age, as such things do, without the mass of the people stopping to give one thought in regard to it. The world generally accepts what it finds and never questions its origin and influence. —El Seyonpi, *The Name Shylock.*

THE MERCHANT AND THE JEW

Antonio is a good man, but a bad Christian. Shylock is a bad man, but a good Jew. The defective Christianity of the Merchant is as conspicuous as the inhumanity of the Jew, and the culminating interest of the "trial," far from being exhausted by the deliverance of Antonio and the discomfiture of his "inhuman adversary," reaches on, in its majestic exhibition of justice and mercy, to a triumphant demonstration of the spirit of Christianity actuating and animating the loftiest principles that can govern the relations of man to man. . . . . .

Antonio is "a good man." Compassion and generosity are parts of his nature. He is a very Roman in his abhorrence of usury. In a "low simplicity, he lends out money gratis." He is

> "One in whom
> The ancient Roman honor more appears
> Than any that draws breath in Italy."

But he is "a bad Christian." Here we are at issue with the dictum of Schlegel that the hatred of the Jew is "directed chiefly against those Christians who are actuated by truly Christian sentiments." Not so, says the Jew himself:—

> "I hate him for he is a Christian:—
> But more, for that in low simplicity,
> He lends out money gratis, and brings down
> The rate of usance here with us in Venice."

Antonio admits the same. Natural humanity and an "ancient Roman honor," not "truly Christian sentiments," chiefly provoke the hatred of the Jew. Of "truly Christian sentiment" there is a significant lack. Antonio's contempt for the Jew manifests itself in spitting and spurning, in open contumely and loud reproach. He believes him "incapable" of reformation as of mercy—far more of possible conversion.

> "You may as well do anything most hard
> As seek to soften that, than which what's harder?—
> His Jewish heart."

. . . . . Shylock is "a bad man, but a good Jew." With all his strength of character, he is after all the victim of his passions. Bigotry, avarice, revenge, rule him in turns. His hatred of the man who reviles him and his "sacred nation" is exceeded by his enmity to one who thwarts his bargains and spoils his usury. But his avarice, which has expelled even his natural affection for his daughter, is in turn surpassed by his revenge. The offer of thrice his money is contemptuously and savagely set aside when the thirst of the Merchant's blood has once become the master passion of his breast.—Morris, *The Merchant of Venice* in *Keynotes of Shakespere's Plays.*

PORTIA

Portia is endued with her own share of those delightful qualities, which Shakspeare has lavished on many of his female characters; but besides the dignity, the sweetness, and tenderness which should distinguish her sex generally, she is individualized by qualities peculiar to herself; by her high mental powers, her enthusiasm of temperament, her decision of purpose, and her buoyancy of spirit. These are innate; she has other distinguishing qualities more external, and which are the result of the circumstances in which she is placed. Thus she is the heiress of a princely name and countless wealth; a train of obedient pleasures

have ever waited round her; and from infancy she has breathed an atmosphere redolent of perfume and blandishment. Accordingly there is a commanding grace, a high-bred, airy elegance, a spirit of magnificence in all that she does and says, as one to whom splendor had been familiar from her very birth. She treads as though her footsteps had been among marble palaces, beneath roofs of fretted gold, o'er cedar floors and pavements of jasper and porphyry—amid gardens full of statues and flowers, and fountains, and haunting music. She is full of penetrative wisdom, and genuine tenderness, and lively wit; but as she has never known want, or grief, or fear, or disappointment, her wisdom is without a touch of the somber or the sad; her affections are all mixed up with faith, hope, and joy; and her wit has not a particle of malevolence or causticity.

. . . . .

But all the finest parts of Portia's character are brought to bear in the trial scene. There she shines forth all her divine self. Her intellectual powers, her elevated sense of religion, her high honorable principles, her best feelings as a woman, are all displayed. She maintains at first a calm self-command, as one sure of carrying her point in the end; yet the painful heart-thrilling uncertainty in which she keeps the whole court, until suspense verges upon agony, is not contrived for effect merely; it is necessary and inevitable. She has two objects in view; to deliver her husband's friend, and to maintain her husband's honor by the discharge of his just debt, though paid out of her own wealth ten times over. It is evident that she would rather owe the safety of Antonio to anything rather than the legal quibble with which her cousin Bellario has armed her, and which she reserves as a last resource.

. . . . .

A prominent feature in Portia's character is that confiding, buoyant spirit, which mingles with all her thoughts and affections. And here let me observe, that I never yet met in real life, nor ever read in tale or history, of any woman, distinguished for intellect of the highest or-

der, who was not also remarkable for this trusting spirit this hopefulness and cheerfulness of temper, which is compatible with the most serious habits of thought, and the most profound sensibility. Lady Wortley Montagu was one instance; and Madame de Staël furnishes another much more memorable. In her Corinne, whom she drew from herself, this natural brightness of temper is a prominent part of the character. A disposition to doubt, to suspect and to despond, in the young, argues, in general, some inherent weakness, moral or physical, or some miserable and radical error of education; in the old, it is one of the first symptoms of age; it speaks of the influence of sorrow and experience, and foreshows the decay of the stronger and more generous powers of the soul. Portia's strength of intellect takes a natural tinge from the flush and bloom of her young and prosperous existence, and from her fervent imagination. In the casket scene, she fears indeed the issue of the trial, on which more than her life is hazarded; but while she trembles, her hope is stronger than her fear.—Mrs. Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

In the elements which compose the character of Portia Shakspeare anticipated, but without intention, the intellect of those modern women who can wield so gracefully many of the tools which have been hitherto monopolized by men. But the same genius which endowed her with a large and keen intelligence derived it from her sex, and, for the sake of it, he did not sacrifice one trait of her essential womanliness. This commands our attention very strongly for it is the clew which we must start with.

She is still a woman to the core of her beauty-loving heart. Coming home from the great scene in Venice where she baffles Shylock, and swamps with sudden justice the scales that were so eager for the bonded flesh, she loiters in the moonlight, marks the music which is floating from her palace to be caressed by the night and made sweeter than by day. Her listening ear is modulated by all the tenderness she feels and the love she expects; so

he gives the music the color of a soul that has come home o wife—and motherhood, till her thoughts put such a train upon the vibrating strings that they grow too tense, nd threaten to divulge her delicate secret.—So she cries,—

> "Peace! Now the moon sleeps with Endymion,
> And would not be awak'd."

Her graceful passion takes shelter in the old myth whose names personify her thought. And her style of speaking reminds us of the more polished ladies of Shakspeare's time, who delighted in the masques and revels in which the persons of the old mythology were charged to utter gallant sentiments. She is a woman of Juliet's clime, and not without her frankness; but she has been brought up in England, and her feeling and her judgment are English through and through.

She has been forbidden by her father's testament to make free choice of the man whom she will love. But she could as soon be divested of her intellect as of her power and wish to love. There is not a single drop running through all her fairness that has caught a chill from the quarter of her brain where wit and wisdom ponder in their clear north light. Her mind is strong, but not the mind of a man, and with no traits more masculine than her frame itself, which is love's solicitor:—

> "Here are sever'd lips,
> Parted with sugar breath."

And even in her strict speech to Shylock we can feel the light draught of it, tempering the inclemency of her superb and unexpected threat: the Jew quails under the sentences which rain on him, golden, grave, serene. And they compel us to observe that pure sex has given the pitch to her strong, fatal wisdom.—Weiss, *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

BASSANIO

Between Portia and Antonio stands Bassanio, the friend of the one, the lover of the other; he appears between the

two boundlessly rich persons as a man utterly poor, ruined in his circumstances, inconsiderate, and extravagant at the expense of his friend. He seems to belong thoroughly to the parasitical class of Antonio's friends. In disposition he is more inclined to the merry Gratiano than to Antonio's severe gravity; he appears on the stage with the question "When shall we laugh?" and he joins with his frivolous companions in all cheerful and careless folly. On this occasion he is borrowing once more three thousand ducats in order to make a strange Argonautic expedition to the "Golden Fleece," staking them on a blind adventure, the doubtful wooing of a rich heiress. His friend breaks his habit of never borrowing on credit, he enters into an agreement with the Jew upon the bloody condition, and the adventurer accepts the loan with the sacrifice. Before he sets forth, on the very same day and evening, he purchases fine livery for his servants with this money, and gives a merry feast as a farewell, during which the daughter of the invited Jew is to be carried off by one of the free-thinking fellows. Does not the whole conduct appear as if he were only the seeming friend of this rich man for the sake of borrowing his money, and only the seeming lover of this rich lady for the sake of paying his debts with her fortune?

But this quiet Antonio seemed to know the man thus apparently bad to be of better nature. He knew him indeed as somewhat too extravagant, but not incurably so, as one who was ready and able also to restrict himself. He knew him as one who stood "within the eye of honor," and he lent to him without a doubt of his integrity. His confidence was unlimited, and he blames him rather than he should "make question of his uttermost," than "if he had made waste of all he has." In his melancholy, it is this man alone who chains him to the world; their friendship needs no brilliant words, it is unfeignedly genuine. His eyes, full of tears at parting, tell Bassanio what he is worth to Antonio; it is the very acceptance of the loan which satisfies Antonio's confidence.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

LORENZO

Lorenzo is for the most part a dreamy inactive nature, as may be seen in his amused tolerance of Launcelot's word-fencing—word-fencing being in general a challenge which none of Shakespeare's characters can resist; similarly, Jessica's enthusiasm on the subject of Portia, which in reality he shares, he prefers to meet in the banter:

> "Even such a husband
> Hast thou of me as she is for a wife."

But the strong side of his character also is shown us in the play: he has an artist soul, and to the depth of his passion for music and for beauty of nature we are indebted for some of the noblest passages in Shakespeare. This is the attraction which has drawn him to Jessica, her outer beauty is the index of artistic sensibility within: "she is never merry when she hears sweet music," and the soul of rhythm is awakened in her, just as much as in her husband, by the moonlight scene. Simplicity again, is a quality they have in common, as is seen by their ignorance in money-matters, and the way a valuable turquoise ring goes for a monkey—if, at least, Tubal may be believed: a carelessness of money which mitigates our dislike of the free hand Jessica lays upon her father's ducats and jewels. On the whole, however, Lorenzo's dreaminess makes a pretty contrast to Jessica's vivacity. And Lorenzo's inactivity is capable of being roused to great things. This is seen by the elopement itself: for the suggestion of its incidents seems to be that Lorenzo meant at first no more than trifling with the pretty Jewess, and that he rose to the occasion as he found and appreciated Jessica's higher tone and attraction. Finally, we must see the caliber of Lorenzo's character through the eyes of Portia, who selects him at first sight as the representative to whom to commit her household in her absence, of which commission she will take no refusal.—MOULTON, *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

JESSICA

To fill up the interval between the signature of the bond and its forfeiture, Shakspere has introduced the underplot of Jessica and Lorenzo, which further serves to throw a harsh light upon Shylock's domestic relations. Though the dramatist had, as has been shown, opportunities for studying Judaism from the outside, it is unlikely that he can have known much of its family life, and his picture of it is strangely untrue to facts. Through the centuries of persecution the Jewish home maintained much of its scriptural beauty, and was the focus of affections all the more intense because confined to this narrow radius. It has been argued that Shakspere was aware of this, and that he purposely represented Shylock as devoid of the distinctive virtues of his race, in order to heighten the impression of his villainy. But this seems an over-refinement of criticism, and had such been the dramatist's aim, he would scarcely have admitted the one saving touch of tenderness in the reference to Leah and her cherished gift of a turquoise ring. But however Shylock may have treated his dead wife, to his daughter and his servant he makes his home a "hell," and they are both preparing to give him the slip. Launcelot, whom his master grudges food clothing, and sleep, transfers his services after a comical exercise in casuistry to the open-handed Bassanio, while Jessica makes an assignation with Lorenzo, a member of the same fashionable set. When she asserts, in defense of her conduct to Shylock, that though she is a daughter to his blood she is not to his manners, she doubtless speaks the truth. But in her own way Jessica is no less distinctively Jewish than Shylock. She belongs to the artistic type of the Hebrew race, which has given so many poets and musicians to the world, and she is steeped in Oriental opulence of sensibility and dreamy voluptuous charm. Such a nature recoils instinctively from the harsh surroundings of a home, unsweetened by feminine influences, darkened by the spirit of mistrust, and bare of every

lement of beauty. Yet modern sentiment finds it more difficult than Elizabethan prejudice to condone her filial breach in the elopement with Lorenzo, and even if her flight be excused, the theft of her father's stones and ducats jars unpleasantly with preconceived ideas of the conduct proper to a heroine of romance. It has been said that the episode of the elopement was inserted in order to create a partial revulsion of feeling in favor of the Jew. "Jessica at home makes us hate Shylock: with Jessica lost we cannot help pitying him." But we believe that no such effect was intended by Shakspere, and that, in any case, it would have failed with an audience of his day. The groundlings were far more likely to yell with vociferous laughter as they listened to Salanio's account of the dog Jew flying through the streets, with all the boys of Venice at his heels, and lamenting with "confused passion" the double loss of his ducats and of the daughter whom he ranks on the identical level of a property.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

The modern world cannot quite forgive Jessica for deserting her father, still less for taking his ducats; but Shakespeare easily condones these incidents of an emancipation to which she establishes her full right by the native ease with which she moves in the new world as if to the manner born—an adept in its splendid extravagance and in its light badinage, but quick to take the impress of its serious enthusiasms and its generous virtue. It is not for nothing that the most splendid burst of poetry in the play is addressed to Jessica's ear, and the loftiest tribute to Portia uttered by her lips.—Herford, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

NERISSA

Nerissa is a good specimen of a common genus of characters; she is a clever confidential waiting-woman, who has caught a little of her lady's elegance and romance; she affects to be lively and sententious, falls in love, and makes

her favor conditional on the fortune of the caskets, and in short mimics her mistress with good emphasis and discretion. Nerissa and the gay talkative Gratiano are as well matched as the incomparable Portia and her magnificent and captivating lover.—Mrs. Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

GRATIANO

That husband, Gratiano, is a most delightful and most natural character. He is one of those useful men in society who will keep up the ball of mirth and good-humor, simply by his own mercurial temperament and agreeable rattle; for he is like a babbling woodside brook, seen through at once, and presenting every ripple of its surface to the sunbeams of good-fellowship. If a picnic were proposed, Gratiano would be the man for the commissariat department: and the wines shall be unimpeachable in quantity as well as quality; the ladies shall lack no squire of dames, and the men no stimulus to keep their gallantry from rusting. And, what is better than all, if a friend be in adversity, Gratiano will champion him with good words and deeds, if not with the most sagacious counsel. He would, no doubt, talk a man off his legs; and, therefore, Shakespeare has brought him as a relief against the two grave men, Antonio and Bassanio, who, being both anxious on account of worldly cares, resent his vivacity, and they are at all events as peevish as he is flippant and inconsiderate. Bassanio says of Gratiano that he "speaks an infinite deal of nothing"; that "his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day long ere you shall find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search." The best of all this is, that Bassanio himself advances no claim to be the censor of his lively companion, for in comparison with him he is dull in capacity, and the very observation just quoted follows one of the most agreeable and sensible speeches in the play—made by "the infinite-deal-of-nothing" Gratiano. Shakespeare has made the best apology for the Merchan

and his friend; but his own love of cheerfulness with good temper could not fail to throw liberally into Gratiano's scale, and he has nowhere produced a better defense of natural vivacity. Moreover, he has not made Gratiano selfishly boisterous—indulging his own feelings only: he first manifests a solicitude for Antonio's lowness of spirits, and then he rallies him. These are the small and delicate lights thrown into his characters that render them exhaustless as studies, and give us that indefinable, rather, perhaps, that unrecognized and unconscious interest in all they say and do, and which, to the same extent, appears to be the almost undivided prerogative of Shakespeare alone.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

PORTIA'S SUITORS

The choice of the suitors for Portia's hand, though the element of luck is allowed to count for something, is regulated in the main by their characters. A large group of them, in fact, never go so far as to risk the choice at all. Of these we hear in the opening dialogue between Portia and Nerissa. They are representatives of six different nations, and in every case they are merely types of the peculiar foibles of their countrymen. Not one of them has enough of manly resolution to venture on an experiment which, in case of failure, debars them from marriage for ever. Morocco is made of sterner stuff and is not daunted by these stringent conditions. With the characteristic disdain of a Sultan for "shows of dross" he turns hurriedly from the leaden casket; he pauses long before the silver, with its motto, "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves," and barbarian pride is just turning the scale against a lingering relic of modesty, when his eye is caught by the gold with its offer of "what many men desire." At once his glowing Oriental imagination is captivated by the vision of Portia as the world's desire, and with grandiloquent figures upon his lips he unlocks the casket, only to learn that "all that glitters is not gold." Arragon is the

typical Spanish Don steeped in the prejudices and pride of his class. He too at once sets aside the leaden casket and instead of being fired by the wish to possess what many men desire, he scorns "to jump with common spirits," or to bow before the idols of the crowd. He loftily decides to "assume desert," and opens the silver casket, to find in it a fool's head. Both these suitors are treated by Portia with calm and stately courtesy, but when Bassanio, who has already won her heart, arrives at Belmont, she cannot hide her agitation. Though she does not swerve an inch from her rigid fidelity to the terms of the will, her appeals to her lover to delay his choice, her partial confession of her feelings, and her excited plays upon words are all significant of her inward tumult. The music that she calls for, though she is at pains to defend it on other grounds, is really meant to allay by its soothing strains the riot of her own heart, during the interval of suspense. But her trust that the character of the chooser dictates the choice finds expression in the words: "If you do love me, you will find me out." Bassanio's meditations are partially drowned by the music, but, from what we overhear, the gold suggests to him the deceitfulness of "outward shows" or ornament in every sphere of life. The silver is rejected for the not very cogent reason that it is a "pale and common drudge 'tween man and man." But the meager lead appeals to the plain straightforward soldier who, in spite of superficial follies, is sound at heart, and whose professional instinct is stirred by the threatening challenge to give and hazard all he hath. Portia's trust proves to be not misplaced, and she is at last free to bestow herself, and all that is hers, upon Bassanio.
—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

A WELL-NIGH PERFECT PLAY

A play is written to be acted. One could not accurately and intelligently judge a musical composition from reading the notes. No more can one form an accurate and intelligent opinion of a drama from simply reading the

words. It is necessary to hear the musical composition played, to see the drama acted. The notes of the former must be transformed into sounds, the words of the latter into actions. In forming a critical opinion of a play, therefore, one canon is, Is it successful as an acted play? The expression of Shakespeare's genius did not take the form of epic or lyric poetry, but of dramatic. A drama is not only a literary, but also a histrionic production. In order, therefore, to study a drama intelligently, its acting qualities, its adaptability to stage representation, must always be considered. Judged by this test, this play is well-nigh perfect.—Fleming, *Shakespeare's Plots.*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The Duke of Venice
The Prince of Morocco, } *suitors to Portia*
The Prince of Arragon, }
Antonio, *a merchant of Venice*
Bassanio, *his friend, suitor likewise to Portia*

Salanio, }
Salarino, }
Gratiano, } *friends to Antonio and Bassanio*
Salerio, }

Lorenzo, *in love with Jessica*
Shylock, *a rich Jew*
Tubal, *a Jew, his friend*
Launcelot Gobbo, *the clown, servant to Shylock*
Old Gobbo, *father to Launcelot*
Leonardo, *servant to Bassanio*
Balthasar, } *servants to Portia*
Stephano, }

Portia, *a rich heiress*
Nerissa, *her waiting-maid*
Jessica, *daughter to Shylock*

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Jailer, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants

Scene: *Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Bassanio, a young gentleman of Venice, is in love with Portia, a lady of Belmont; but she is wealthy, while he is poor. He feels that he must have three thousand ducats before he can press his suit. For this sum he goes to his dearest friend, Antonio, a merchant of Venice. The latter's wealth at that time is entirely invested in ships at sea, but he remembers a rich Jew, Shylock by name. From him he borrows the money for his friend, giving in return a bond agreeing to forfeit a pound of his flesh should not the money be paid on the day it falls due. Antonio signs this agreement without fear, for his ships are scheduled to arrive home a month before the day.

ACT II

Jessica, daughter of Shylock the Jew, elopes with Lorenzo, a Christian and a friend of Antonio and of Bassanio. Her father is very angry at this and the ill-will he bears Antonio is increased. Portia's father provided in his will that his daughter's hand should go to that suitor who should choose the one of three caskets that contained her portrait. Several try and fail.

ACT III

When Bassanio's turn came, he, to his own and Portia's delight, chooses the right casket. They exchange vows and rings. Bassanio's friend, Gratiano, and Portia's maid,

Nerissa, also engage themselves to marry. But their joy is clouded by a letter from Antonio to Bassanio telling of the failure of all the Merchant's ventures and that Shylock claims the forfeiture according to the bond. Bassanio and Gratiano hasten to Venice to aid their friend. Portia and Nerissa plan to be at the trial also.

ACT IV

Portia and Nerissa arrive at the court as the trial is going on; Portia is disguised as a lawyer and Nerissa as her clerk, and so well do they act their parts that no one, not even their husbands, recognizes them. Portia pleads Antonio's cause with such power and logic that the Jew loses his case, and in addition his estates and property are declared forfeited for plotting against the life of a citizen of Venice. The Duke mitigates his sentence sufficiently to permit him to make a will in favor of his daughter Jessica. Bassanio wishes the lawyer to accept as his fee the three thousand ducats which had been due the Jew. This Portia declines, but asks for the ring she had given him when they plighted their troth. He unwillingly gives it to her. Nerissa in like manner gets her ring from Gratiano.

ACT V

Portia and Nerissa reach Belmont before the arrival of Bassanio and Gratiano. When the gentlemen get there Nerissa quarrels with Gratiano for giving away her ring. Portia and Bassanio overhear their friends and Bassanio confesses that he, too, has parted with his wife's ring. The lady feigns anger, but finally agrees to forgive her lord and in token gives him a ring. Great is his surprise to find the ring is the same which he had given to the doctor. Explanations follow and everyone is happy. Antonio, who has come home with Bassanio, hears that three of his ships have come safely to port.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

Venice. A street.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,

"Enter Antonio," etc.; in the old copies there is much confusion in the printing of these names, especially in this first scene; and as no list of the Persons is there given, we are not a little puzzled how to put them. In the folio the first stage-direction is,—*Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.* In the dialogue, however, the abbreviation for *Salanio* presently becomes *Sola.*, which is soon changed to *Sol.*, and then comes the stage-direction,—*Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.* And the names are spelled the same way in several other stage-directions; and after the first scene the abbreviated prefixes to the speeches uniformly are *Sal.* and *Sol.* So that we have abundant authority for reading *Solanio* instead of Salanio, as it is in most modern editions. As to the distribution of the first few speeches, we have to go partly by conjecture, the names being so perplexed as to afford no sure guidance. The last two speeches before the entrance of Bassanio, which are usually assigned to *Salanio*, we agree with Knight and Verplanck in transferring to *Salarino*, not only because he is the more lively and talkative person, but as according best with the general course of the dialogue and with his avowed wish to make Antonio merry, and especially because the quartos favor that arrangement.—H. N. H.

I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes aboard. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand

9. *"Argosies"* are large ships either for merchandise or for war. The name was probably derived from the classical ship Argo, which carried Jason and the Argonauts in quest of the golden fleece. Readers of Milton will of course remember the passage describing Satan's voyage through chaos:

"Harder besct
And more endanger'd than when *Argo* pass'd
Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks."—H. N. H.

27. *"Andrew";* so called, perhaps, after the famous Italian naval commander, Andrea Doria.—C. H. H.

Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,

27. *"dock'd"*; Rowe's emendation for "docks," the reading of the Quartos and Folios.—I. G.

28. *"vailing"*; to *vail* is to *lower*, to *let fall:* from the French *avaler.*—H. N. H.

35. *"but even now"*; a moment ago.—C. H. H.

Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their
eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they 'll not show their teeth in way of
smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.
Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you
merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?
say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Salar. We 'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*
Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found An-
tonio,

50. *"by two-headed Janus";* an oath in keeping with the "strange fellows of Nature's framing" in the next line.—C. H. H.
56. *"Nestor";* being old, is also regarded as grave.—C. H. H.

We two will leave you: but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvelously changed.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a willful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!'

70. *"at dinner-time"; i. e.* about twelve a. m., the usual dining-hour of merchants in Elizabethan London.—C. H. H.
84. *"cut in alabaster"; i. e.* the effigy on a tomb.—C. H. H.
90. *"willful stillness entertain";* maintain a determined silence.—C. H. H.
92. *"conceit";* intelligence.—C. H. H.

O my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I 'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
I 'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I 'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible. [*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*

97. *"when";* all the old copies read *when* here; and as in such cases the Poet often leaves the subject of a verb understood, the changing of *when* into *who,* though common, is hardly admissible. The following lines apparently refer to the judgment pronounced in the Gospel against him who "says to his brother, Thou fool." The meaning, therefore, is, that if those who "only are reputed wise for saying nothing" should go to talking, they would be apt to damn their hearers, by provoking them to utter this foul reproach. *"Fool gudgeon,"* a little below, appears to mean such a fish as any fool might catch, or none but fools would care to catch. *Gudgeon* was the name of a small fish very easily caught. The expression is commonly, but injuriously, changed to *fool's-gudgeon.*—H. N. H.

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them: and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honor, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

112. *"Is that any thing new?"* The old editions read *"Is that any thing now"*; changed to *"new"* by Johnson. Rowe first suggested the interrogation.—I. G.

115. *"His reasons"*; the serious matter of his talk, what he really has to say.—C. H. H.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a willful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.
Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.
Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:

141. *"of the self-same flight"*; feathered to fly the same distance. —C. H. H.

162. *"that word"*; *i. e.* the word "fair."—C. H. H.

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strond,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate!

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see,

they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs; but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose'! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead,—

9. *"comes"*; that is, superfluity sooner *acquires* white hairs; becomes old. We still say, how did he *come by* it?—H. N. H.

11. *"sentences"*; maxims.—C. H. H.

whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,—will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Aye, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afeard my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, 'if you will not have me, choose:' he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when

45. *"Neapolitan";* the Neapolitans, in the time of Shakespeare, were eminently skilled in all that belongs to horsemanship.—H. N. H.

46. *"Colt"* is used for a witless, heady, gay youngster; whence the phrase used for an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his *colt's tooth.*—H. N. H.

48. *"appropriation";* acquired excellence, (*to,* added to).—C. H. H.

52. *"County Palatine";* this may be an allusion to the *Count* Albertus Alasco, a Polish Palatine, who was in London in 1583.—H. N. H.

54. *"choose"; i. e.* it is your concern, not mine.—C. H. H.

56. *"the weeping philosopher";* Heraclitus of Ephesus, whose fundamental maxim was the instability of all things (*πάντα ῥεῖ*).—C. H. H.

he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he!—why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas, who

80. *"neither Latin, French nor Italian"*; "a satire on the ignorance of young English travellers in Shakespeare's time." So says Warburton: whereupon Knight justly remarks that "authors are not much in the habit of satirizing themselves; and yet, according to Farmer and his school, Shakespeare knew 'neither Latin, French, nor Italian.'"—H. N. H.

can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor?

Por. That he hath a neighborly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

86. *"round"; i. e.* artificially stuffed with bombast, a French fashion.—C. H. H.

89. *"the Scottish lord";* in the first Folio "Scottish" is changed to "other."—I. G.

94. "Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather, constant promise of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English" (Warburton).—I. G.

95. *"sealed under";* subscribed to a bond, pledged himself.—C. H. H.

97. *"the young German";* the Duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made a Knight of the Garter, in Shakespeare's time. Perhaps, in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of Queen Elizabeth.—H. N. H.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I 'll be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determination; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think he was so called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever

my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

141. *"what news?"*; what's the matter?—C. H. H.

142. *"The four strangers"*; allusion has been made to six strangers. An interesting oversight on the poet's part.—I. G.

The discrepancy probably points to a revision, in which two characters (perhaps those of the English and Scottish lords) were added.—C. H. H.

150. *"condition"*; that is, *temper, disposition.* So, in *Othello:* "And then of so gentle a *condition!*" Likewise, in Tyndall's *Works:* "Let every man have his wyfe, and thinke her the fayrest and the best *conditioned,* and every woman her husband so too."—H. N. H.

Scene III

Venice. A public place.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats; well.

Bass. Aye, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months; well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.

Bass. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no: my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad.

7. *"May you stead me?"* Can you help me?—C. H. H.

18. *"in supposition,"* a matter of conjecture.—C. H. H.

19. *"Tripolis";* this may be either the town in Barbary, or the port in Syria. Since Barbary is distinguished from "Tripolis" in iii. 2. 271, the latter is more likely.—C. H. H.

But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is notwithstanding sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

42. *"a fawning publican";* probably an allusion to the publican of the New Testament, whose "low simplicity" had been commended by "your prophet the Nazarite."—C. H. H.

46. *"usance";* "it is almost incredible what gain the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jews, both privately and in common.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congre
gate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-worn thrif
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that

For in every city the Jews keep open shops of usury, taking gage of ordinary for fifteen in the hundred by the yeare; and if at th year's end the gage be not redeemed, it is forfeit, or at least dom away to a great disadvantage; by reason whereof the Jews are ou of measure wealthy in those parts" (Thomas's *History of Italy* 1561).—H. N. H.

52. *"which he calls interest"; usance, usury,* and *interest* were a terms of precisely the same import in Shakespeare's time; there bein then no such law or custom whereby *usury* has since come to mea the taking of interest above a certain rate. How the taking o interest, at whatsoever rate, was commonly esteemed, is shown i Lord Bacon's *Essay of Usury,* where he mentions the popular argu ments against it: "That the usurer is the greatest Sabbath breaker, because his plough goeth every Sunday; that the usure breaketh the first law that was made for mankind after the fal which was, 'in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread'; tha *usurers should have orange-tawny bonnets, because they do Judaize* that it is against nature for money to beget money, and the like." The words in Italic show that usury was regarded as a badge o Judaism; and perhaps nothing but the popular hatred of the Jew on other scores could account for the fast-rooted prejudice agains a thing so firmly grounded in the laws of trade. These laws, lik others, of course benefit those who observe them; and as no trading community could thrive unless they were observed, and as none bu Jews would observe them, they of course had a monopoly of th benefit arising therefrom.—H. N. H.

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? [*To Ant.*] Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.
Ant. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I 'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd
How much ye would?
Shy. Aye, aye, three thousand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot; three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
Ant. I do never use it.
Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor; aye, he was the third,—

65. *"Is he yet possess'd How much ye would,"* so reads the second and third Quartos; the Folios read *"he would"*; the first Quarto, *"are you resolv'd how much he would have"*; this is one of the important points in which the second Quarto is superior to the first.—I. G.

The question is, of course, addressed to Bassanio. Similarly in 68, Shylock after addressing Bassanio turns to Antonio, in 69.—C. H. H.

72. *Cp.* Genesis xxx.—I. G.

75. *"the third," i. e.* "reckoning Abraham himself as the first."—I. G.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?
Shy. No, not take interest; nor, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and
pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In the end of Autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skillful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall parti-color'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of
heaven.

86. *"kind"* in Shakespeare's time was often used for *nature.* Thus in Fairfax's *Tasso,* B. xiv. stan. 42 and 48:

"But of all herbs, of every spring and well,
The hidden power I know and virtue great,
And all that *kind* hath hid from mortal sight."

"And fair adorn'd was every part
With riches grown by *kind,* not fram'd by art."—H. N. H.

87. *"fulsome"* is here apparently used in the sense of *rank, lusty, ruttish.* The word often occurs in the sense of *filthy, nauseous;*—a sense which might very well come from *full,* though some derive it from *foul.—Fall,* in the second line below, is for *let fall;* a common usage of the word in the Poet's time.—H. N. H.

92. *"served for," i. e.* he was merely a subordinate agent in it.—C. H. H.

Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.
Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
Shy. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate—
Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;

103. *"falsehood"* here means knavery, treachery, as *truth* is sometimes used for honesty.—H. N. H.

108. *"In the Rialto";* in this scene we have already had *"on* the Rialto," and *"upon* the Rialto." Concerning the place meant Rogers thus speaks in one of the notes to his poem on Italy: "Rialto is the name, not of the bridge, but of the island from which it is called; and the Venetians say *il ponte di Rialto,* as we say Westminster-bridge. In that island is the exchange; and I have often walked there as on classic ground. In the days of Antonio and Bassanio it was second to none. It was there that the Christian held discourse with the Jew; and Shylock refers to it when he says,—

> 'Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
> In the Rialto you have rated me.'"

Mr. Knight says the "name is derived from *riva alta,* high shore; and its being larger, and somewhat more elevated than the others, accounts for its being first inhabited. The most ancient church of the city is there, and there were erected the buildings for the magistracy and commerce of the infant settlement."—H. N. H.

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
'Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness
Say this,—
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I 'll lend you thus much moneys'?

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou mayest with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!

135. *"A breed for barren metal"*; the reading of the Folio "*breed of*"; "for" must be equivalent to "in exchange for"; *"breed* ="interest money bred from the principal" (*cp.* Gr. τόκος).—I.
137. *"Who"*; from whom.—C. H. H.

I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you 'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, i' faith: I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I 'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that 's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain

156. *"dwell"*; that is, *continue*, or *abide*.—H. N. H.

By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of mutton, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favor, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu; 17
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not
Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond;
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
[*Exit Shylock*
The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind
Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind. 18
Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt*

176. "*fearful guard*" is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel* terror —H. N. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco and his train; Portia, Nerissa, and others attending.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbor and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Hath loved it too: I would not change this hue,

The old stage direction ran as follows:—*"Enter Morochus a wnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, ith Portia, Nerissa and their traine."*—I. G.

2. *"shadow'd"*; dusky.—C. H. H.

6. *"let us make incision"*; to understand how the tawny prince, hose savage dignity is well supported, means to recommend himelf by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a raditionary sign of courage. Thus Macbeth calls one of his frighted oldiers a *lily-liver'd* boy; again, in this play, cowards are said to ave *livers as white as milk;* and an effeminate man is termed a *ilksop.*—H. N. H.

Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen
Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me
And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.
Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the casket
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she
bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw

17. *"scanted";* limited.—C. H. H.

25. *"the Sophy," cp. "Sofi,* and *Sofito,* an ancient word signifyi a wise man, learned and skillful in Magike Naturale. It is grov to be the common name of the Emperour of Persia" (Abraha Hartwell's translation of Minadoi's *History of the Wars betwe the Turks and the Persians*).—I. G.

The "Sefi of Persia" is mentioned in the German play *Der Ju von Venedig.*—I. G.

32. *"Lichas";* the attendant of Hercules. He was the unwitti bringer of the poisoned shirt by which Hercules perished.—C. H.

May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

or. You must take your chance
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

for. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

or. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

for. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men.
[*Cornets, and exeunt.*

Scene II

Venice. A street.

Enter Launcelot.

aun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, say-

35. *"page"*; Theobald's emendation for "rage," the reading of all e old editions.—I. G.

"Enter Launcelot"; the old copies read,—*Enter the Clown alone;* id throughout the play this character is called the *Clown* at most his *entrances* or *exits*.—H. N. H.

ing to me, 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says, 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo,' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,'—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well;' 'Fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well:' to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving

13. *"for the heavens"* was merely a petty oath. To make th fiend conjure Launcelot to do a thing for *heaven's* sake, is a spec men of that "acute nonsense" which Barrow makes one of th species of wit, and which Shakespeare was sometimes very fond o —H. N. H.

20. *"smack"; i. e.* of knavery. *"Grow to";* provincially used o burnt milk, conveys a similar suggestion.—C. H. H.

your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.

ob. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

aun. [*Aside*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

ob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

aun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

ob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

aun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside*] Mark me now; now will I raise the

50. *"God's sonties"* was probably a corruption of God's *saints,* in l language *saunctes.* Oaths of this kind are not unfrequent ong our ancient writers. To avoid the crime of profane swear-g, they sought to disguise the words by abbreviations, which timately lost even their similarity to the original phrase.—H. N. H.

waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post,

60. *"well to live";* healthy, with a long life before him.—C. H.

64. *"Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir";* so, in *Lov Labor's Lost, Costard* says,—"Your servant and Costard." It a pears that old Gobbo himself was named Launcelot: hence in t next speech Launcelot junior beseeches him to talk of *young* mas Launcelot. The sense here is commonly defeated by making t speech interrogative. The reader will of course see that Launce senior scruples to give his son the title of *master.*—H. N. H.

a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

ob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

aun. Do you not know me, father?

ob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

aun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, at the length, truth will out.

ob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

aun. Pray you, let 's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

ob. I cannot think you are my son.

aun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

ob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I 'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshiped might he be! what a beard hast thou got!

102. Gobbo's *"you,"* as a mark of respect, changes to *"thou,"* after the recognition.—I. G.

thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well: but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo and other followers

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted,

120. *"set up my rest"*; that is, determined. In *Romeo and Juli* Act iv. sc. 5, Shakespeare has again quibbled upon *rest*. "The Cou Paris hath *set up his rest*, that you shall *rest* but little."—H. N. H *"set up my rest"*; a common phrase from the game of prime where it was said of the player who, by laying his wager (Sp. *rest* committed himself to a definite hazard.—C. H. H.

126. *"me"*; ethical dative.—C. H. H.

128. *"run as far,"* etc.; to understand the appropriateness of th words, we must remember that in Venice it was not easy to fi ground enough to run upon.—H. N. H.

that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit a Servant.*

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here 's my son, sir, a poor boy,— 140

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins,— 150

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would

154. *"frutify,"* for *notify.*—C. H. H.

155. *"a dish of doves";* there has been no little speculation among the later critics, whether Shakespeare ever visited Italy. Mr. Charles A. Brown argues strongly that he did, and refers to this passage among others in proof of it. His argument runs thus: "Where did he obtain his numerous graphic touches of national manners? where did he learn of an old villager's coming into the city with 'a dish of doves' as a present to his son's master? A present thus given, and in our days too, and of doves, is not uncommon in Italy. I myself have partaken there, with due relish, in memory of poor old Gobbo, of a dish of doves, presented by the father of a serv-

bestow upon your worship, and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master and inquire
My lodging out. Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no;
I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if

ant." To the same purpose this ingenious writer quotes other passages, as inferring such a knowledge of the country as could hardly have been gained from books. Of course it does not follow but that the Poet may have gained it by conversing with other travelers; and it is well known that Kemp, a fellow-actor, visited Italy.—H. N. H.

169. *"The old proverb";* viz. "The grace of God is better than riches."—C. H. H.

178. *"Well if any man,"* etc.; Mr. Tyrwhitt thus explains this passage: "Launcelot, applauding himself for his success with Bassanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-

any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here 's a simple line of life: here 's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing! a'leven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man: and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she 's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I 'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Launcelot and old Gobbo.*

cellers is called the *table,* breaks out into the following reflection: —'Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table! which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune'—that is, a *table* which doth *not only* promise *but* offer to swear upon a book *that* I shall have good fortune. He omits the conclusion of the sentence."—H. N. H.

181. "Long and deep lines from the Mount of Venus (the ball of the thumb) towards the line of life, signifieth so many wives. . . . These lines visible and deep, so many wives the party shall have" (Saunder's *Chiromancie,* quoted by Halliwell).—I. G.

186. *"with the edge of a feather-bed";* through marrying.—C. H. H.

187. *"simple scapes";* Launcelot was an adept in the art of chiromancy, which in his time had its learned professors and practitioners no less than astrology. Relics of this superstition have floated down to our day: well do we remember to have seen people trying to study out their fortune from the palms of their hands. Launcelot Gobbo, however, was more highly favored than they: in 1558 was put forth a book by John Indagine, entitled *Briefe introductions, both natural, pleasaunte, and also delectable, unto the Art of Chiromancy, or manuel divination, and Physiognomy: with circumstances upon the faces of the Signes.* "A simple line of life" written in the palm was cause of exultation to wiser ones than young Gobbo. His huge complacency, as he spells out his fortune, is in laughable keeping with his general skill at finding causes to think well of himself.—H. N. H.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought and orderly be
stow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.
Leon. My best endeavors shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?
Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit*
Gra. Signior Bassanio,—
Bass. Gratiano!
Gra. I have a suit to you.
Bass. You have obtained it.
Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.
Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano:
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behavior,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.
Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then

Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, 'amen;'
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The same. A room in Shylock's house.

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:

216. *"hood mine eyes";* it was anciently the custom to wear the hat on during the time of dinner.—H. N. H.

And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu: these foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit: adieu.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot. [*Exit Launcelot.*
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.

Scene IV

The same. A street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

10. *"exhibit";* a Launcelotism for "express" (what I would say with my tongue).—C. H. H.

12. *"did";* the Quartos and first Folio read "doe"; the reading "did" was first given in the second Folio; if this is adopted, *"get"* = "beget."—I. G.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.
Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.
Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what 's the news?
Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.
Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.
Gra. Love-news, in faith.
Laun. By your leave, sir.
Lor. Whither goest thou?
Laun Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.
Lor. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her; speak it privately.
Go, gentlemen, [*Exit Launcelot.*
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.
Salar. Aye, marry, I 'll begone about it straight.
Salan. And so will I.
Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence,
Salar. 'Tis good we do so.
[*Exeunt Salar. and Salan.*

5. "*spoke us . . . of*"; made arrangements for.—C. H. H.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house; 33
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. 4
[*Exeunt*

Scene V

The same. Before Shylock's house.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy
judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!
Laun. Why, Jessica!
Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me that I
could do nothing without bidding.

36. *"And never dare"*; spoken as a wish, *And may misfortune never dare.*—C. H. H.
37. *"she"*; *i. e.* misfortune.—C. H. H.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I 'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,

25. *"Black-Monday," i. e.* Easter Monday, so called, because of a storm which occurred on April 14, 1360, being Easter Monday, when Edward III was lying with his army before Paris, and when many of his men-at-arms died of cold.—Stowe.

31. *"squealing of the wry-neck'd fife";* one of the quartos and the folio have *squealing:* the other quarto has *squeaking,* which, though neither so appropriate nor so well authorized, has been generally

Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements.
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir, Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, 'Farewell, mistress;' nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;

retained in modern editions. There has been some dispute whether *wry-neck'd fife* mean the instrument or the musician. Boswell cited a passage from Barnabee Rich's *Aphorisms*, 1618, which appears to settle the matter: *"A fife* is a *wry-neckt musician*, for he always looks away from his instrument."—H. N. H.

37. *"Jacob's staff"; cp.* Gen. xxxii. and Heb. xi. 21. *"A Jacob's staff"* was generally used in the sense of "a pilgrim's staff," because St. James (or Jacob) was the patron saint of pilgrims.—I. G.

44. *"A Jewess' eye";* the Quartos and Folios read *"a Jewes eye,"* probably pronounced *"Jewês";* "worth a Jew's eye" was a proverbial phrase: "that worth was the price which the Jews paid for immunity from mutilation and death." The reading *"Jewess'"* seems very doubtful.—I. G.

The quibble in this case is one of the best that Launcelot gets off. —H. N. H.

Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find.
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

Scene VI

The same.

Enter Gratiano and Salarino, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.
Salar. His hour is almost past.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?

5. *"Venus' pigeons";* Johnson thought that lovers, who are sometimes called *turtles* or *doves* in poetry, were meant by Venus' *pigeons.* The allusion, however, seems to be to the *doves* by which Venus' chariot is drawn.—H. N. H.

"fly to seal"; i. e. fly, bearing Venus on her way to seal, etc.—C. H. H.

Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things th
are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet win

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this her
after.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my lon
abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves f
wives,
I 'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who 's wit
in?

Enter Jessica, above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I 'll swear that I do know your tongue

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who kno
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

or. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

es. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some mo ducats, and be with you straight. [*Exit above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;

51. *"by my hood";* this phrase is found nowhere else in Shakespeare; according to Malone, Gratiano is in a masqued habit, to which it is probable that formerly, as at present, a large cape or hood was affixed.—I. G.

"a Gentile"; a jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile,* which signifies both a *heathen* and *one well born.*—H. N. H.

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, below.

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who 's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio!
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano; where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on 't: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and their trains.

Por. Go draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;'

The second, silver, which this promise carries,
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;'
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
Must give,—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I 'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeared of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve! Why, that 's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
Let 's see once more this saying graved in gold
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
desire.'
Why, that 's the lady; all the world desires her
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly pic-
ture.
Is 't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damna-
tion
To think so base a thought; it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she 's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?

41. *"the Hyrcanian deserts";* Shakespeare three times mention the tigers of Hyrcania, "the name given to a district of indefinite extent south of the Caspian," where, according to Pliny, tigers were bred.—I. G.

51. *"To rib her cerecloth";* to enclose her shroud of waxed linen.—C. H. H.

53. *"undervalued"* "in the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, gold was to silver in the proportion of 11 to 1; in the forty-third year of her reign it was in the proportion of 10 to 1" (Clarendon).—I. G.

O sinful thought. Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that 's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!
Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours.
[*He unlocks the golden casket.*
Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye

56, 57. *"an angel stamped in gold";* this is the angel referred to by Falstaff in his interview with the Chief Justice: "Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light." It appears to have been the national coin in Shakespeare's time. The custom of stamping an angel upon the coin is thus explained by Verstegan in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence:* "The name of *Engel* is yet at this present in all the Teutonic tongues as much as to say, an Angel; and if a Dutchman be asked how he would in his language call an Angel-like-man, he would answer, *ein English-man.* And such reason and consideration may have moved our former kings, upon their best coin of pure and fine gold, to set the image of an angel, which hath as well been used before the Norman Conquest, as since." Readers of Wordsworth will be apt to remember, in this connection, a fine passage in one of his *Ecclesiastical Sonnets:*

"A bright-haired company of youthful slaves,
Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
Where Tiber's stream the immortal City laves:
Angli by name; and not an Angel waves
His wing, who could seem lovelier to man's eye
Than they appear to holy Gregory;
Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
For Them, and for their Land."—H. N. H.

63. *"carrion Death";* fleshless skull.—C. H. H.

There is a written scroll! I 'll read the wri
ing.
[*Reads*] All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.
Cold, indeed; and labor lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.
[*Exit with his train. Flourish of corne*
Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, g
Let all of his complexion choose me so.
[*Exeun*

69. *"tombs do";* Johnson's emendation for the old reading *"timb do."*—I. G.

72. *"Your . . . inscroll'd."* This is loosely expressed, b clearly means: "Such an answer as this had not been written (far as you are concerned)."—C. H. H.

75. Halliwell notes that this line is a paraphrastical inversion the common old proverb: "Farewell, frost," which was used in t absence or departure of anything that was unwelcome or displeasin —I. G.

Scene VIII

Venice. A street.

Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.
Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter,
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!

She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!'
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.
Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, 'Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:'

39. To *"slubber"* is to do a thing carelessly. Thus, in Fuller's *Worthies of Yorkshire:* "Slightly *slubbering* it over, doing something for show, and nothing to purpose." Likewise, in Song 21 of Drayton's *Poly-Olbion:*

"Not such as basely soothe the humour of the time,
And *slubberingly* patch up some slight and shallow rhyme."
—H. N. H.

And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Salan. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Nerissa and a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee: draw the curtain straight:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, and their trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life

To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach:
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

26. *"By"* and *"of,"* being synonymous, were used by our ancestors indifferently.—H. N. H.
30. *"force";* power.—H. N. H.

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:'
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honorable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honor! and how much honor
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.
[*He opens the silver casket.*

or. [*Aside*] Too long a pause for that which you find there.

r. What 's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!

42. *"clear"*; pure, blameless; a proleptic use, this being the result its having been "purchased by the merit of the wearer."—H. H.

'Who chooseth me shall have as much as h
deserves.'
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better? 6
Por. To offend, and judge, are distant offices,
And of opposed natures.
Ar. What is here?
[*Reads*] The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed, 7
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I 'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.
[*Exeunt Arragon and trai*
Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choos

70. The Poet had forgotten that he who missed Portia was nev
to marry any other woman.—H. N. H.

78. *"Wroth"* is used in some of the old writers for *misfortu*
Thus, in Chapman's *Version of the 22d Iliad:* "Born all to *wro*
of woe and labor." So says the Chiswick. But indeed the origin
meaning of *wrath* is pain, grief, anger, anything that makes o
writhe; and the text but exemplifies a common form of speech, pu
ting the effect for the cause.—H. N. H.

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?
Por. Here: what would my lord?
Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that come before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.
Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*

85. *"my lord";* an humorous reply to the Servant's "Where is *my lady?*" So, in Richard II, Act. v. sc. 5, the Groom says to the King,—"Hail, royal *prince!*" and he replies, "Thanks, noble *peer.*" And in 1 Henry IV, Act ii. sc. 4, the Hostess says to Prince Henry,—"O Jesu! *my lord,* the prince"; and he replies, "How now, *my lady,* the hostess!"—H. N. H.

The servant's following speech, with its unreserved flow of "high-day wit," shows that these pleasant familiarities were the rule in Portia's household.—C. H. H.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Venice. A street

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbors believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

4. *"narrow seas";* English Channel.—C. H. H.

10. *"knapped ginger";* perhaps *"to knap ginger"* is to "nibb ginger"; old women were fond of this condiment: Cotgrave invariab gives *"knap"* as a synonym of *"gnaw"* or *"nibble."*—I. G.

Salan. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That 's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That 's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what 's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what 's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is

49. *"a prodigal"; i. e.* from Shylock's point of view.—C. H. H.
60. *"hindered me,"* etc.; so in all the old copies. Modern editions generally encumber the passage by thrusting in *of* before *half*.—H. N. H.

his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Salan. Here come another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. [*Exeunt Salan. Salar. and Servant.*

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so:—and I know not what 's spent in

77. "*humility*," rightly explained by Schmidt as "kindness, benevolence, humanity."—I. G.

the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no i[1] luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,— 1

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God! Is 't true, is 't true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I 1 heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I 'll plague him; I 'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he 1 had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise: I had it of

133. The special value of the *"turquoise"* was its supposed virt

Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

ub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

hy. Nay, that 's true, that 's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, and Attendants.

or. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.
There 's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you

indicating the health of the wearer: it was said to brighten or le as its wearer was well or ill, and to give warning of approach- danger.—I. G.

How to choose right, but I am then forsworn
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew you
eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then your
And so all yours! O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their right
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your lov

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my lov
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Aye, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I 'll confess the truth

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. 'Confess,' and 'love,'

22. To "*peize*" is from *peser*, Fr.; to weigh or balance. So, Richard III: "Lest leaden slumber *peize* me down to-morrow." the text it is used figuratively for to *suspend*, to *retard*, or *de* the time.—H. N. H.

Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!

44. *"swan-like end";* alluding to the opinion which long prevailed, that the swan uttered a plaintive musical sound at the approach of death. There is something so touching in this ancient superstition, that one feels loth to be undeceived.—H. N. H.

54. *"more love";* because Hercules rescued Hesione not for love of the lady, but for the sake of the horses promised him by Laomedon.—I. G.

Live thou, I live: with much much more disma
I view the fight than thou that makest the fray

Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets t himself.

Song.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I 'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least them selves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:

63, 68. *"fancy"*; the Poet, in common with other writers of t time, often uses *fancy* for *love*.—H. N. H.

66. *"Reply, reply"*; this appears as a marginal direction in a the old copies.—C. H. H.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as
false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valor's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the
wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf

87. *"Excrement,"* from *excresco,* is used for everything which appears to grow or vegetate upon the human body, as the hair, the beard, the nails.—H. N. H.

95. *"dowry of a second head";* the Poet has often expressed a strong dislike of the custom, then in vogue, of wearing false hair. Several instances of this have already occurred. And his 68th Sonnet has a passage very like that in the text:

"Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay."—H. N. H.

97. *"Guiled"* for *guiling,* that is, *beguiling.* The Poet often thus uses the passive form with an active sense, and *vice versa.* In Act i. sc. 3, of this play, we have *beholding* for *beholden.*—H. N. H.

Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

Por. [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,

99. *"veiling an Indian beauty";* it has been pointed out that Montaigne in his *Essay on Beauty* says: "The Indians describe it black and swarthy, with blabbered thick lips, with a broad and flat nose." If Shakespeare gives us a reminiscence of this, he must have read Montaigne in French, as Florio's translation was not published until 1603.—I. G.

"Beauty" is probably a blunder, due to the "beauteous" of the line above.—C. H. H.

102. *"Hard food for Midas,"* who prayed that everything he touched might turn to gold, and soon regretted his prayer.—I. G.

106. *"paleness";* as Bassanio uses "pale" of silver a few lines before, Theobald, on Warburton's suggestion, proposed to read *"plainness";* but *"pale"* is a regular epithet of lead, and there seems no reason for changing the reading here.—I. G.

The verbal inconsistency is, however, dramatic enough. Gold and silver are condemned as "ornament," and then, even in their ornamental character, disparaged as "gaudy" and "pale"; whereas the "paleness" of lead becomes a virtue, because it is associated with no pretensions.—C. H. H.

And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess!
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here?
[*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far

112. *"rain,"* the reading of the second Quarto, *"rein,"* is generally preferred.—I. G.

115. *"Counterfeit"* anciently signified a *likeness,* a *resemblance.* So, in *The Wit of a Woman,* 1634: "I will see if I can agree with this stranger for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit.*" And Hamlet calls the pictures he shows to his mother,—"The *counterfeit* presentment of two brothers."—H. N. H.

126. *"unfurnish'd;* that is, unfurnished with a companion or fellow. In Fletcher's *Lover's Progress,* Alcidon says to Clarangé, on delivering Lidian's challenge, which Clarangé accepts:

"You are a noble gentleman.
Will't please you bring a friend? we are two of us,
And pity either, sir, should be *unfurnish'd.*"

The hint for this passage appears to have been taken from Greene's

The substance of my praise doth wrong th
shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here 's th
scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune,
[*Reads*] You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.
A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eye
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

History of Faire Bellora; afterwards published under the title o
A Paire of Turtle Doves: "If Apelles had beene tasked to hav
drawne her *counterfeit,* her two bright burning lampes would hav
so dazzled his quick-seeing sences, that, quite despairing to express
with his cunning pensill so admirable a worke of nature, he had bee
inforced to have staid his hand, and left this earthly Venus *ur*
furnished."—H. N. H.

131. *"continent";* inventory or abstract; explicit statement.—C
H. H.

141. *"by note";* in conformity with the scroll (as if this were
bill, specifying payments to be made or received).—C. H. H.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,

176. *"vantage"*; opportunity.—C. H. H.

As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honors mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved for intermission.
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again,

201. *"for intermission";* if the punctuation is right, this can only mean that we (both) loved in order to avoid delay or loss of time. But Theobald's conjecture, "for intermission (*i. e.* inaction) No more pertains to me, my lord, than you," gives a clearer meaning and keeps up better the symmetrical antitheses of the context.—C. H. H.

And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage.

Gra. We 'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio, a Messenger from Venice.

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honor. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,

He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Saler. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter*
Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth
Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.
Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece,
Saler. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steals the color from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words

That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Saler. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the Duke at morning and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,

280. *"freedom"*; the power of obtaining redress at law.—C. H. H.

If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.
Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.
Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honor more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me three thousand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.

295. *"unwearied"*; most unwearied.—C. H. H.

My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*reads*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Venice. A street.

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, and Jailor.

Shy. Jailor, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Jailor, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I 'll have my bond; speak not against my
bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty jailor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I 'll have by bond; I will not hear thee
speak:
I 'll have my bond; and therefore speak no
more.
I 'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I 'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.
[*Exit.*

Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone:
I 'll follow him no more with bootless prayers
He seeks my life: his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
Salar. I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commodity that strangers have

". *"commodity"*; convenience, legal advantages. The subject o

With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of his state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, jailor, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*

'will impeach" is "the denial of commodity" expressed, in a Shakespearean way, by "the commodity, if it be denied."—C. H. H.

31. *"Consisteth of all nations";* for the due understanding of this passage, it should be borne in mind, that Antonio was one of the citizens, while Shylock was reckoned among the strangers of the place. And since the city was benefited as much by the trade and commerce of foreigners as of natives, justice evidently required that the law should give equal advantages to them both. But to stop the course of law in behalf of citizens against strangers, would be putting the latter at a disadvantage, and so would clearly impeach the justice of the state. We give the passage as proposed by Capell and approved by Knight. In this reading *for* means the same as *because of,*—a sense in which it is often used by the Poet. The passage is usually printed thus:

> "The Duke cannot deny the course of law;
> For the commodity that strangers have
> With us in Venice, if it be denied,
> Will much impeach the justice of the state."

Where *commodity* is obviously the subject of *impeach.* Which greatly clogs and obscures the passage, though perhaps it may still be made to yield the same meaning.—H. N. H.

Scene IV

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthasar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most
strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this
honor,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste their time together
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd

9. *i. e.* Than ordinary acts of generosity can make you.—C. H. H.
12. *"waste"*; spend, pass.—C. H. H.
17. *"Lover"* was much used by Shakespeare and other writers of his time for *friend*. His sonnets are full of examples in point.—H. N. H.

In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish misery!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it; hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
And so farewell, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*
Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,

And use thou all the endeavor of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth
give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in
words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.
Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
[*Exit*
Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of; we 'll see our hus-
bands
Before they think of us.
Ner. Shall they see us?
Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I 'll hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I 'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and
boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps

52. *"imagined speed"*; that is, with the celerity of imagination. So in the Chorus preceding the third act of Henry V: "Thus with *imagin'd* wing our swift scene flies."—H. N. H.

54. *"trades"*; plies.—C. H. H.

56. *"convenient speed"*; the speed appropriate to the occasion.—C. H. H.

61. *"accomplished"*; furnished.—C. H. H.

Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honorable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal: then I 'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of these puny lies I 'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
About a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practice.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question 's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I 'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

69. *"quaint";* ingenious.—C. H. H.

72. *"I could not do withal";* a phrase of the time, signifying *I could not help it.* So, in the *Morte d' Arthur:* "None of them will say well of you, nor none of them will doe battle for you, and that shall be great slaunder for you in this court. Alas! said the queen, *I cannot doe withall."* And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer,* Dinant, who is reproached by Clerimont for not silencing the music, which endangered his safety, replies: *"I cannot do withal;* I have spoke and spoke; I am betrayed and lost too." And in Palsgrave's *Table of Verbes,* quoted by Mr. Dyce: "I can not *do withall,* a thyng lyeth not in me, or I am not in faulte that a thyng is done."—H. N. H.

Scene V

The same. A garden.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good: and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee? 10

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

3. *"I fear you"*; that is, fear *for* you, on your account. So, in Richard III, Act i. sc. 1:

> "The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
> And his physicians *fear* him mightily."—H. N. H.

5. *"agitation"*; *i. e.* cogitation.—C. H. H.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I 'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an hon-

25. *"one by another";* side by side, *i. e.* where they compete for a livelihood.—C. H. H.

est woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarreling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humors and conceits shall govern. [*Exit*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory

50. *"How every fool,"* etc.; a shrewd proof that the Poet rightly estimated the small wit, the puns and verbal tricks, in which he so often indulges. He did it to please others, not himself.—H. N. H.

73. *"The fool hath planted,"* etc.; probably an allusion to the habit of wit-snapping, the constant straining to speak out of the common way, which then filled the highest places of learning and o

An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet 80
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow. 90

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

the state. One could scarce come at the matter, it was so finely flourished in the speaking. But such an epidemic was easier to censure than to avoid. Launcelot is a good satire upon the practice, though the satire rebounds upon the Poet himself.—H. N. H.

84. *"And if on earth he do not mean it, then In reason";* the second Quarto *"it, it";* the Folios *"it, it is."*—I. G.

Various emendations have been suggested for *"mean,"* but no change is necessary—*"mean"*="aim at." A kind correspondent, Mr. S. W. Orson, calls attention to Herbert's use of the word in *The Church Porch* (E. Stock's reprint of the first edition) "Shoots higher much than he than *means* a tree" (p. 12), and "Scorns his first bed of dirt, and *means* the sky" (p. 163).—I. G.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stom
ach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong othe
things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I 'll set you forth. [*Exeunt*

94. *"stomach"*; inclination, mind (with a play, as usual, upon th
ordinary sense).—C. H. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Venice. A court of justice.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salerio, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Saler. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

6. *"dram";* minute quantity, "drop," "grain."—C. H. H.
10. *"Envy"* in this place means *hatred* or *malice;* a frequent use of the word in Shakespeare's time, as every reader of the English Bible *ought* to know.—H. N. H.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our
face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse more
strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never
train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

20. *"Remorse"* in Shakespeare's time generally signified *pity, tenderness;* the *relentings* of compassion.—H. N. H.

22. *"where";* whereas.—H. N. H.

24. *"loose";* so in the old copies, but generally printed *lose. Loose* is plainly used in the sense of *release.*—H. N. H.

26. *"moiety";* a part (not necessarily a half).—C. H. H.

29. *"royal merchant";* this epithet was striking and well understood in Shakespeare's time, when Gresham was dignified with the title of the *royal merchant,* both from his wealth, and because he constantly transacted the mercantile business of Queen Elizabeth. And there were similar ones at Venice, such as the Giustiniani and the Grimaldi. The *"princely* merchants of Boston" are well known in our time.—H. N. H.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion-flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I 'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humor: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?

36. *"Our holy Sabbath";* so the first Quarto; the second reads *"Sabaoth";* it is just possible that Shakespeare might have been misled by the expression, "Lord God of Sabaoth," which occurs in the New Testament. "Sabbath" and "Sabaoth" (*i. e.* "hosts," in the phrase "Lord of hosts") were confused even by Sir Walter Scott, when in *Ivanhoe,* ch. x. he refers to "the gains of a week, aye the space between two Sabaoths." Similarly Spenser (F. Q. viii. 2):—

"But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight."

Dr. Johnson treated the two words as identical in the first edition of his *Dictionary.*—I. G.

37. *"the due and forfeit";* the forfeit which is due.—C. H. H.

39. *"your charter";* Shakespeare attributes to Venice the status of an English city, deriving its privileges from a charter granted and liable to be revoked by the king.—C. H. H.

42. *"I'll not answer that";* the Jew, being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right and refuses; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the inquirer.—H. N. H.

43. *"humor";* in Shakespeare's time the word *humor* was used, much as *conscience* often is now, to excuse or justify any eccentric impulse of vanity, opinion, or self-will, for which no common ground of reason or experience could be alleged. Thus, if a man had an individual crotchet which he meant should override the laws and

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,

conditions of our social being, it was his *humor*. *Corporal Nym* is a burlesque on this sort of affectation. And the thing is well illustrated in one of Rowland's *Epigrams:*

> "Aske *Humors*, why a fether he doth weare?
> *It is his humor*, by the Lord, heele sweare."—H. N. H.

47. *"gaping pig";* a pig prepared for the table is most probably meant, for in that state is the epithet *gaping* most applicable to the animal. So, in Fletcher's *Elder Brother:* "And they stand *gaping* like a *roasted pig*." And in Nashe's *Peirce Pennylesse:* "The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman if they see *a pig come to the table*."—H. N. H.

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig"; this was proverbial. It said of the Jews themselves, though not of them exclusively. Cf. Webster, *Duchess of Malfy*, iii. 2. 255:—

> He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping:
> I thought your grace would find him a Jew.—C. H. H.

50. *"affection, Mistress of passion";* the Quartos and Folios read *"affection. Master of passion."* The reading now generally adopted was first suggested by Thirlby; *"Maistres"* or *"mastres,"* the old spelling of *"mistress"* evidently produced the error. "Affection," when contrasted with "passion," seems to denote "emotions produced through the senses by external objects."—I. G.

This passage has occasioned a vast deal of controversy. In the old copies it is printed thus:

> "And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
> Cannot contain their urine for affection.
> *Masters* of passion *sways* it to the mood," &c.

Where the discrepancy of *masters* and *sways* is obvious enough. There had been a very general agreement in the reading we have given, until Mr. Collier broke in upon it. Against his, and in favor of the received lection, Mr. Dyce remarks: "The preceding part of the passage clearly shows that there must be a pause at *urine*, and also that *for affection* must be connected with the next line. Shylock states three circumstances; first, that some men dislike a gaping pig; secondly, that some are mad if they see a cat; thirdly, that some, at the sound of the bag-pipe, cannot contain their urine

Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer,
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woolen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

and he then accounts for these three peculiarities on a general principle." To this we may add that it seems hardly correct to say, —"Masters of passion sway it to the mood of what *it* likes or loaths"; for unless they sway it to the mood of what *they* like or loath, they can scarce be said to be its *masters,* or to *sway* it at all. The difficulty is avoided by making *affection* the subject of *sways,* and the second *it* refer to *affection.* All which may be deemed reason enough for the reading in the text. Mr. Collier is obliged to leave the final *s* out of *sways;* and there seems no reason but that it may as well be left out of *masters.* Of course *affection* is here used for natural disposition, or constitutional tendency.—H. N. H.

56. *"a woolen bag-pipe";* the reading of all the old editions; "wawling," "swollen," "bollen," have been variously suggested; *"woollen"* probably refers to the covering of the wind-bag.—I. G.

It was usual to cover with *woollen cloth* the bag of this instrument. The old copies read *woollen,* the conjectural reading *swollen* was proposed by Sir J. Hawkins.—H. N. H.

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill
Bass. Every offense is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee
twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretten with the gusts of
heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what
harder?—
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering
none?
Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no
wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave

77. *"fretten"*; so in both the quartos, but usually printed *fretted*. *Fretten* is apparently an old form of the word.—H. N. H.
82. *"conveniency"*; expedition.—C. H. H.

Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer
'The slaves are ours;' so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Saler. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,

106. *"to determine this"; i. e.* to act not merely as advocate, but as judge in the cause. The procedure here indicated, by which the State-appointed magistrate could freely delegate the decision of a case to an independent jurisconsult chosen by himself, had of course no parallel in the England of Shakespeare. But it seems still to prevail in Spain (Doyle, quoted by Furness, *Var. ed.* p. 406). Shakespeare was simply following the novel.—C. H. H.

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of frui
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets you
Grace. [*Presenting a lette*
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrup
there.
Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew
Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keen
ness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierc
thee?
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to mak
Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.

123. *"sole . . . soul";* the two words were still (till abo 1650) distinguishable to the ear, the vowel of *soul* being hea as a diphthong (*ɔu*), that of *o* as a single sound.—C. H. H.

126. *"envy";* malice. See note to l. 10 of this scene. This pa sage is well illustrated by one in 2 Henry IV, Act. iv. sc. 4:

> "Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
> Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
> To stab at half an hour of my life."—H. N. H.

128. *"inexecrable";* the quartos and first folio all read *inexecrab* which is adopted by Knight, and defended by some others, on t ground of *in* being, as it sometimes is, intensive, and thus giving t sense of *most execrable.*—H. N. H.

Thou almost makest me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolvish, bloody, starved and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you 'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk. [*reads*] Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a

134. *"who, . . . slaughter";* this is a sort of nominative absolute, the subject of *fleet* being "his soul." Animals, both wild and tame, were on the Continent still regarded as quasi-legal subjects, tried, and executed.—C. H. H.

young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning,—the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,—comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter Portia for Balthasar.

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?
Ant. Aye, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

183. To *"impugn"* is to oppose, to controvert.—H. N. H.

184. *"within his danger";* Richardson says,—"In French and old English law, *danger* seems equivalent to *penalty, damages,* commissi pœna. Thus,—'Narcissus was a bachelere that love had caught in his *daungere';* that is, within the reach of hurtful, mischievous power. Thus also,—'*In danger* hadde he at his owen gise the yonge girles of the diocise.' And in R. Brunne,—'All was in the erle's *dangere.*' And again,—'He was never wedded to woman's *danger';* that is, woman's dangerous power." Shakespeare has a like use of the word in his *Venus and Adonis:* "Come not within his *danger* by your will."—H. N. H.

190. *Cp.* "Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought," *Ecclesiasticus,* xxxv. 20.—I. G.

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to ren
der
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus muc
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court c
Venice 21
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchan
there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseec
you, 22
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,

207. *"And that same prayer";* "Portia, referring the Jew to th Christian doctrine of Salvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a litt out of character." So says the Chiswick editor, following Sir W liam Blackstone; forgetting that the Lord's Prayer was itself b a compilation, all the petitions in it being taken out of the ancie euchologies or prayer-books of the Jews. "So far," says Groti "was the Lord Himself of the Christian Church from all affect tion of unnecessary novelty." So in Ecclesiasticus, xxviii. 2: "Fo give thy neighbor the hurt that he hath done unto thee, so sh thy sins also be forgiven when thou prayest."—H. N. H.

220. *"truth";* that is, *honesty. A true* man in old language is *honest* man. We now call the jury good men and *true.*—H. N. H.

And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than th
looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Aye, his breast:
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?
'Nearest his heart:' those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weig
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on you
charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd: but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. You, merchant, have you anything to say?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

263. *"Are there balance"; "balance"* was frequently treated as plural by Elizabethan writers, though this is the only instance Shakespeare.—I. G.

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honorable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it presently with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, aye, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer,

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas

305. *"Barrabas";* Shakespeare seems to have followed the pro-

Had been her husband rather than a Christian
[*Aside*
We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge! 31
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!
Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh:'
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate 32
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

nunciation usual to the theater, *Barabbas* being sounded *Baraba* throughout Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*.—H. N. H.

Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!

I 'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

369. *"predicament";* condition.—C. H. H.

Por. Aye, for the state, not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio? 390
Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.
Ant. So please my lord the Duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favor,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift, 400
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say:
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In christening shalt thou have two god-fathers. 410

385. Such reduction is only to affect the half assigned to the State. —C. H. H.

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had t
more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.
[*Exit Shyloc*

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinne
Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you n
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him
[*Exeunt Duke and his trai*
Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitt
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal,

411. *"ten more";* that is, a jury of *twelve* men to condemn hi
This appears to have been an old joke. So, in the *Devil is an A*
by Ben Jonson: "I will leave you to your godfathers in law. I
twelve men work."—H. N. H.

The English institution of jury thus figures in the Venetian co
side by side with the un-English system of delegation.—C. H. H.

422. *"in lieu whereof";* in consideration whereof, or in return
which.—H. N. H.

424. *"cope";* the only instance, that we remember to have m
with, of the word *cope* being used in the sense of to *pay,* or *rewa*
A like use of the word in composition, however, occurs in Ben J
son's play, *The Fox,* Act iii. sc. 5:

"Assure thee, Celia, he that would sell thee,
Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,
He would have sold his part of Paradise
For ready money, had he met a *cope-man.*"

Junius thinks the word is from the Anglo-Saxon *Ceap-an,* to tra
to buy or sell; and that it may have been applied to any kind
exchange, and hence to the exchanging of *blows,* or fighting; in wh
sense it is generally used.—H. N. H.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I 'll wear them for your sake; [*To Ant.*
And, for your love, I 'll take this ring from you: [*To Bass.*
Do not draw back your hand; I 'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
Bass. There 's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks

You teach me how a beggar should be a
swer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wi
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save th
gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with yo
[*Exeunt Portia and Neriss*

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can
Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste.
[*Exit Gratian*
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio.
[*Exeu*

Scene II

The same. A street.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him th
deed
And let him sign it: we 'll away to-night

And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully:
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.
I 'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
[*Aside to Portia.*
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. [*Aside to Ner.*] Thou mayst, I warrant.
We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we 'll outface them, and outswear them too.
[*Aloud*] Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? [*Exeunt.*

17. *"Old"* was a common augmentative in the colloquial language of Shakespeare's time.—H. N. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Belmont. Avenue to Portia's house.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,

1. *"In such a night";* there is such an air of reality and of first-hand knowledge about this bewitching scene, as certainly lends some support to the notion of the Poet's having visited Italy; it being scarce credible that anyone should have put so much of an Italian moonlight evening into a description, upon the strength of what he had seen in England. But, what is quite remarkable, the vividness of the scene is helped on by the very thing that would seem most likely to hinder it. The running of "in such a night" into such a variety of classic allusion and imagery, and gradually drawing round into the late and finally into the present experiences of the speakers, gives to the whole the freshness and originality of an actual occurrence; the remembrance of what they have read being quickened by the inspiration of what lies before them.—H. N. H.

4. *"Troilus";* the image is from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseid*: "Upon the wallis fast eke would he walke" (Bk. v. 666).—I. G.

7–14. *"Thisbe," etc.;* Hunter (*New Illustrations,* i. 309) ingeniously suggests that the old Folio of Chaucer was lying open before

And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Shakespeare when he wrote this dialogue, and that there he found Thisbe, Dido, and Medea, as well as Troilus. It is certainly striking that Thisbe, Dido, and Medea follow each other in the *Legend of Good Women*. Shakespeare has seemingly transferred to Dido what he found in Chaucer's *Legend* concerning Ariadne (*"And to the stronde barefote faste she went"—"And turne agayne, and on the stronde hire fynde"*). Chaucer's Medea directed Shakespeare's mind to Ovid, *Metam.* VII.—I. G.

15. *"Jessica"*; Medea, who stole away from her father, Æetes, with the golden fleece, suggests Jessica's own story to Lorenzo.—I. G.

16. *"unthrift"*; prodigal.—C. H. H.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Steph. A friend.
Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pra
you, friend?
Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring wo
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with he
Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?
Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

32. *"For happy wedlock hours";* one of the finest touches in t
delineation of Portia is this associating of a solicitude for wedd
happiness with the charity and humility of a religious and pray
ful spirit. The binding of our life up with another's natura
sends us to Him who may indeed be *our* Father, but not *mine.*
writer in the Pictorial edition remarks that "these holy crosses, still
of old, bristle the land in Italy, and sanctify the sea. Besid
those contained in churches, they mark the spots where heroes we
born, where saints rested, where travellers died. They rise on t
summits of hills, and at the intersection of roads. The days
past when pilgrims of all ranks, from the queen to the beggar-ma
might be seen kneeling and praying 'for happy wedlock hours,'
whatever else lay nearest their hearts; and the reverence of t
passing traveller is now nearly all the homage that is paid at th
shrines." The old English feeling on this score is thus shown
The Merry Devil of Edmonton:

> "But there are *crosses,* wife: here's one in Waltham,
> Another at the Abbey, and the third
> At Ceston; and 'tis ominous to pass
> Any of these without a Pater-noster."—H. N. H.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!
Lor. Who calls?
Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo. Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!
Lor. Leave hollaing, man: here.
Laun. Sola! where? where?
Lor. Here.
Laun. Tell him there 's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*
Lor. Sweet soul, let 's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.
[*Exit Stephano.*
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st

56. *"in"*; into.—C. H. H.

57. *"touches"*; notes (evoked by the touch of the musician); so in v. 67.—C. H. H.

59. *"patines"*; a small flat dish or plate, used in the administration of the Eucharist: it was commonly of gold, or silver-gilt. The first folio and one of the quartos read *pattens:* the second folio reads *patterns,* which Collier strangely adopts, thus taking a poor authority for a worse reading.—H. N. H.

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

61, &c. "The corresponding passage in Plato is in his tenth boo *De Republica,* where he speaks of the harmony of the Spheres, an represents a syren sitting on each of the eight orbs, and sing ing to each in its proper tone, while they are thus guided throug the heavens, and consent in a diapason of perfect harmon the Fates themselves chanting to this celestial music" (Du Boi *The Wreath,* p. 60, quoted by Furness). The Platonic doctrine i however, blended with reminiscences of Job xxxviii. 7, "The mornir stars sang together."

62. *"quiring";* singing in concert.—C. H. H.

63. *"Such harmony";* a passage somewhat resembling that in th text occurs in Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity:* "Touching music harmony, such is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it ha in that very part of man which is most divine, that some ha thereby been induced to think that the soul itself by nature is hath in it harmony." The Book containing this came out in 159 so that there could not well be any obligation either way betwee Hooker and Shakespeare.—Of course everybody has heard of "th music of the spheres,"—an ancient mystery which taught that th heavenly bodies in their revolutions sing together in a concert so lou various, and sweet, as to exceed all proportion to the human ea And the greatest souls, from Plato to Wordsworth, have been lifte above themselves, and have waxed greater than their wont, with idea or intuition that the universe was knit together by a princip of which musical harmony is the aptest and clearest expressio Perhaps the very sublimity of this notion has furthered the turnin of it into a jest; yet there seems to be a strange virtue in it, th it cannot die; and thoughtful minds, though apt to smile at it, a still more apt to grow big with the conception.—H. N. H.

The germ of this conception is due to Plato, who imagined t eight planetary spheres to be occupied by singing sirens, whose not formed a perfect diapason. "Upon each of the spheres (κύκλω is a siren, who is borne round with the sphere, uttering a single not and the eight notes compose a single harmony" (*Rep.* bk. x. p. 61 But Shakespeare attributes song not to the "spheres" in which t planets were set, nor even only the planets, but to all the myri stars of the firmament.—C. H. H.

65. *"close it in";* Quarto 1 and Folios read *"in it,"* which so editors have taken as equivalent to *"close-in it."*

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn!
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

79. *"the poet";* probably Ovid, who tells the story in the *Metamorphoses,* a book peculiarly familiar to Shakespeare.—C. H. H.

83. *"The man that hath no music in himself";* Steevens pounced rather unmercifully upon the poor Poet for this piece of "fine frenzy," and Douce very charitably stepped to his defense. Of course both had the best of the argument. "The solemn stupidity," with which the dispute was carried on, is funny enough; otherwise it is not of the slightest consequence.—H. N. H.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see th
candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!
Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by da
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thoug
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked. [*Music cease*
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.
Por. He knows me as the blind man knows th
cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

99. Not absolutely good, but relatively good, as it is modified
circumstances.—H. N. H.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.
[*A tucket sounds.*
Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,

126. A writer in the *Pictorial Shakespeare* thus remarks upon this passage: "The light of moon and stars in Italy is almost as yellow as sunlight. The planets burn like golden lamps above the pinnacles and pillared statues of the city and the tree-tops of the plain, with a brilliancy which cannot be imagined by those who have dwelt only in a northern climate. The infant may there hold out its hands, not only for the full moon, but for 'the old moon sitting in the young moon's lap,'—an appearance there as obvious to the eye as any constellation."—H. N. H.

And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to h
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [*To Nerissa*] By yonder moon I swear you me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what 's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'

Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of de
And that it should lie with you in your gra

141. *"breathing courtesy";* this complimentary form, mad only of *breath,* that is, words.—H. N. H.

150. *"Love me,"* etc.; knives were formerly inscribed, by mea *aqua fortis,* with short sentences in distich. The *poesy,* or of a ring was of course the motto.—H. N. H.

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God 's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Aye, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth

156. *"respective"*; that is, *considerative, regardful.* Thus, in *King John,* Act i. sc. 1: "For new made honor doth forget men's names; 'tis too *respective* and too sociable." And in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* Act. iv. sc. 4: "What should it be that he *respects* in her but I can make *respective* in myself?"—H. N. H.

162. *"Scrubbed"* is here used in the sense of *stunted;* as in Holland's *Pliny:* "Such will never prove fair trees, but *scrubs* only." And Mr. Verplanck observes that the name *scrub oak* was from the first settlement of this country given to the dwarf or bush oak. How the word came to bear this sense doth not appear, unless because the thing originally signified by it was used for *scrubbing.*—H. N. H.

169. *"so riveted"*; *so* is probably a copyist's blunder, due to the *so* in 167.—C. H. H.

That the world masters. Now, in faith, G
iano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of gri
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left ha
off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he beg
mine;
And neither man nor master would take au
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lo
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,

193. A similar repetition of the word *"love"* at the end of consecutive lines is found in *The Fayre Mayde of the Excha* (1607); *cp. Edward III,* Act II. sc. i., where *"the sun"* ends ei consecutive lines.—I. G.

When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honor to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I 'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by my honor, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeased away;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

201. *"Contain"* was sometimes used in the sense of *retain.* So, in Bacon's Essays: "To *containe* anger from mischiefe, though it take hold of a man, there be two things."—H. N. H.

210. A *"civil doctor"* was a doctor of the Civil Law.—H. N. H.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my hou
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me
I will become as liberal as you;
I 'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me l
Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honor, which is yet mine own,
I 'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.
Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protecti
Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him, then
For if I do, I 'll mar the young clerk's pen.
Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarr
Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwi
standing.
Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—
Por. Mark you but that
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there 's an oath of credit.
Bass. Nay, but hear me
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;

249. *"wealth"*; that is, for his *advantage;* to obtain his happin

Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?

Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed:
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbor suddenly:

Wealth is only another form of *weal;* we say indifferently common-*weal* or common-*wealth.*—H. N. H.

262. *"In lieu of this";* in consideration of this (ring).—C. H. H.

You shall not know by what strange acciden
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cu
old?

Ner. Aye, but the clerk that never means to do
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and livi
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Loren
My clerk hath some good comforts too for y

Ner. Aye, and I 'll give them him without a f
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,
Whether till the next night she had rather sta
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:

298. *"inter'gatories"*; a legal term; questions put to a swo
witness.—C. H. H.

But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live I 'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.
[*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abode, delay; II. vi. 21.
Abridged; "to be a.," *i. e.* "at being a."; I. i. 126.
Address'd me, prepared myself; II. ix. 19.
Advice, reflection; IV. ii. 6.
Advised, cautious, heedful; I. i. 142.
Advisedly, intentionally; V. i. 253.
Affection, feeling; II. viii. 48.
Approve, prove, confirm; III. ii. 79.
Argosies, merchant-ships (originally the large and richly freighted ships of *Ragusa*); I. i. 9.
Attempt, tempt; IV. i. 433.
Attended, attended to, marked; V. i. 103.

Baned, poisoned; IV. i. 46.
Bare, bare-headed; II. ix. 44.
Bated, reduced; III. iii. 32.
Beholding, beholden; I. iii. 106.
Best-regarded, best-looking, handsomest; II. i. 10.
Blent, blended; III. ii. 183.
Blest, used with a superlative force, and perhaps a contracted form of "blessed'st"; II. i. 46.
Bonnet, head-gear; I. ii. 87.
Bottom, hold of a vessel; I. i. 42.
Break up, break open; II. iv. 10.
Breathing, verbal; V. i. 141.
Burial, burial-place; I. i. 29.
By, at hand, near by; IV. i. 266.

Cater-cousins, remote rel[a]
good friends; "are scar[ce]
i. e. "are not great fri[ends]
II. ii. 150.
Cerecloth, a cloth dipp[ed]
melted wax to be used
shroud; II. vii. 51.
Ceremony, sacred object; [relic]
206.
Charge; "on your charge
your expense; IV. i. 266.
Cheer, countenance; II.
314.
Childhood proof, child
proof; I. i. 144.
Choose, "let it alone!" I. ii.
Circumstance, circumlocuti
i. 154.
Civil doctor, doctor of civi
V. i. 210.
Civility, civilization; II. ii.
Close, secret; II. vi. 47.
Commandment (in Quarto
Folios "commandément";
ly to be pronounced as a
risyllable); IV. i. 463.
Commends, commendations
ix. 90.
Complexion, nature; III. i.
Compromised, (had) come
mutual agreement; I. iii.
Confound, destroy; III. ii.
Confusions; Launcelot's bl
for "conclusions"; II. ii.
Constant, self-possessed; I
250.
Contain, retain; V. i. 201.

CONTINENT, that which contains anything; III. ii. 131.
CONTRARY, wrong; I. ii. 112.
CONTRIVE, conspire; IV. i. 364.
COPE, requite; IV. i. 424.
COUNTERFEIT, likeness; III. ii. 115.
COUNTY, count; I. ii. 52.
COUSIN, kinsman; III. iv. 50.
COVER, wear hats; II. ix. 44.
CURELESS (the reading of the Quartos; the Folios read "endless") beyond cure; IV. i. 142.

DANGER, absolute power (to harm); IV. i. 184.
DEATH = death's head; II. vii. 63.
DEFACE, cancel, destroy; III. ii. 301.
DIFFERENCE, dispute; IV. i. 174.
DISABLED, crippled; I. i. 123.
DISABLING, undervaluing; II. vii. 30.
DISCOVER, reveal; II. vii. 1.
DOIT, a small coin; I. iii. 141.
DRIVE, commute; IV. i. 384.
DUCATS; the value of the Venetian silver ducat was about that of the American dollar; I. iii. 1.

EANLINGS, lambs just born; I. iii. 80.
ENTERTAIN, maintain; I. i. 90.
EQUAL, equivalent; I. iii. 150.
ESTATE, state; III. ii. 239.
EXCESS, interest; I. iii. 63.
EXCREMENT, hair; "valour's ex.," *i. e.* "a brave man's beard"; III. ii. 87.
EYE; "within the eye of honor"; *i. e.* "within the sight of h."; "within the scope of honour's vision"; I. i. 137.

FAIRNESS, beauty; III. ii. 94.
FAITHLESS, unbelieving; II. iv. 38.
FALL, let fall; I. iii. 89.
FALLS, falls out; III. ii. 204.
FANCY, love; III. ii. 63, 68.
FEAR'D, frightened; II. i. 9.
FEARFUL, filling one with fear; I. iii. 176.
FIFE; "wry-necked f.," a small flute, called *flute à bec*, the upper part or mouthpiece resembling the beak of a bird, hence the epithet "wry-necked"; according to others "fife" here means the musician, *cp.* "A fife is a wry-neckt musician, for he always looks away from his instrument" (Barnaby Riche's *Aphorisms*, 1616); II. v. 31.
FILL-HORSE, shaft-horse; II. ii. 111.
FIND FORTH, find out, seek; I. i. 143.
FLOOD, waters, seas; I. i. 10; IV. i. 72.
FOND, foolish; II. ix. 27.
FOOT, spurn with the foot; I. iii. 119.
FOOT, path; II. iv. 36.
FOOTING, footfall; V. i. 24.
FOR, of; III. iv. 10.
FRAUGHT, freighted; II. viii. 30.
FRETTEN, fretted; IV. i. 77.

GABERDINE, a large loose cloak of coarse stuff; I. iii. 113.
GAGED, pledged; I. i. 130.
GAPING PIG, a roast pig with a lemon in its mouth; IV. i. 47.
GARNISH, apparel; II. vi. 45.
GEAR; "for this g.," *i. e.* for this matter, business: "a colloquial expression perhaps of no very determinate import"; I. i. 110; II. ii. 189.

Gelt, mutilated; V. i. 144.
Gratify, reward; IV. i. 418.
Gross; "to term in gross," to sum up; III. ii. 160.
Guard, guardianship; I. iii. 176.
Guarded, ornamented; II. ii. 175.
Guiled, full of guile, treache.-ous; III. ii. 97.

Habit, behavior; II. ii. 213.
Heavens; "for the heavens," for heaven's sake; II. ii. 13.
Heaviness, sadness; "his embraced h."; the sadness which he hugs; II. viii. 52.
High-day, holiday, high-flown, extravagant; II. ix. 98.
Hip; "catch upon the h."; a term taken from wrestling, meaning "to have an advantage over"; I. iii. 47.
Hovel-post, the support of the roof of an out-house; II. ii. 80.
Husbandry, government, stewardship; III. iv. 25.

Imagined, all imaginable; III. iv. 52.
Imposition, an imposed task; III. iv. 33; a binding arrangement; I. ii. 121.
Incarnal; Launcelot's blunder for "incarnate"; II. ii. 31.
Inexecrable, beyond execration (perhaps a misprint for "inexorable," the reading of the third and fourth Folios); IV. i. 128.
Insculp'd, carved in relief; II. vii. 57.

Jacks, used as a term of contempt; III. iv. 77.
Jump with, agree with; II. ix. 32.

Kept, lived; III. iii. 19.
Knapped, broke into small j (or "nibbled"); III. i. 10

Level, aim; I. ii. 43.
Liberal, free; II. ii. 208.
Lichas, the servant of Deia who brought Hercules s poisoned robe (*cp.* Ovid, ix. 155); II. i. 32.
Livings, estates; III. ii. 15
Low, humble; I. iii. 44.

Manage, management; III 25.
Melancholy bait, bait of m choly; I. i. 101.
Mere, certain, unqualified; ii. 265.
Mind; "have in mind," be mind; I. i. 71.
Mind of love, loving mind viii. 42.
Mutual, general, common; 77.

Narrow seas, English Cha III. i. 4.
Naughty, wicked; III. ii. 1
Nazarite, Nazarene; I. iii.
Neat, ox; I. i. 112.
Nestor, the oldest of h taken as the type of gr I. i. 56.
Nominated, stated; I. iii. 1
Now . . . now, one m . . . at the next; I. i.

Obliged, pledged; II. vi. 7.
Occasion; "quarrelling wit *i. e.* "at odds with the n in question, turning it int icule without reason"; I 62.
O'er-look'd, bewitched; I 15.

Of, on; II. ii. 114; with; II. iv. 24.
Offend'st, vexest; IV. i. 140.
Old (used intensitively), abundant, great; IV. ii. 15.
Opinion of, reputation for; I. i. 91.
Ostent, demeanor; II. ii. 219.
Other, others; I. i. 54.
Out-dwells, out-stays; II. vi. 3.
Out of doubt, without doubt; I. i. 21; I. i. 155.
Over-name, run their names over; I. ii. 41.
Over-weather'd, weather-beaten; II. vi. 18.

Pageants, shows; I. i. 11.
Pain, pains; II. ii. 208.
Parts, duties, functions; IV. i. 92.
Passion, outcry; II. viii. 12.
Patch, fool, simpleton, jester; II. v. 47.
Patines; the "patine" is the plate used in the Eucharist; "patines of bright gold" seems to mean "the orbs of heaven," *i. e.* either (1) the planets, or (2) the stars; possibly, however, the reference is to "the broken clouds, like flaky disks of curdled gold which slowly drift across the heavens"; V. i. 59.
Peize, to weigh, keep in suspense, delay; III. ii. *22*.
Pent-house, a porch with a sloping roof; II. vi. 1.
Pied, spotted; I. iii. 80.
Port, importance; III. ii. 283.
Possess'd, acquainted, informed; I. iii. 65.
Post, postman; II. ix. 100.
Posy, a motto inscribed on the inner side of a ring; V. i. 148.
Power, authority; IV. i. 104.
Prefer'd, recommended; II. ii. 166.
Presently, immediately; I. i. 183.
Prest, prepared; I. i. 160.
Prevented, anticipated; I. i. 61.
Proper, handsome; I. ii. 83.
Publican, an allusion perhaps to the parable of the Pharisee and the publican (St. Luke xviii. 10–14); I. iii. 42.

Quaintly, gracefully; II. iv. 6.
Question, are disputing, arguing; IV. i. 70.
Quit, remit; IV. i. 393.

Raised, roused; II. viii. 4.
Reason'd, had a conversation; II. viii. *27*.
Regreets, greetings; II. ix. 89.
Remorse, compassion; IV. i. 20.
Repent, regret; IV. i. 287, 288.
Reproach, Launcelot's blunder for "approach"; II. v. *20*.
Respect, proper attention (or perhaps "respect to circumstances"); V. i. 99.
Respect upon; "you have too much r. u.," *i. e.* "you look too much upon"; I. i. 74.
Respective, mindful; V. i. 156.
Rest; "set up my rest," made up my mind (a phrase probably derived from the game of Primero; *resto* meant to bet or wager, which appears to have been made by the players only); II. ii. 120.
Rialto; "The Rialto, which is at the farthest side of the bridge as you come from St. Mark's, is a most stately building, being the Exchange of Venice, where the Venetian gentlemen and merchants do meet twice a

day. . . . This Rialto is of a goodly height, built all with brick as the palaces are, adorned with many fair walks or open galleries, and hath a pretty quadrangular court adjoining to it. But it is inferior to our Exchange in London."—Coryat's *Crudities* (1611).

Rib, enclose; II. vii. 51.

Ripe, urgent; I. iii. 64.

Riping, ripening; II. viii. 40.

Road, port; harbor; V. i. 288.

Sad, grave; II. ii. 219.

Sand-blind, half-blind; II. ii. 40.

Scant, moderate; III. ii. 112.

Scanted, restrained, limited; II. i. 17.

Scarfed, decorated, beflagged; II. vi. 15.

Scrubbed, small, ill-favored, scrubby; v. i. 162.

Self, self-same; I. i. 148.

Sense; "in all sense," with good reason; V. i. 136.

Sensible, evident to the senses, substantial; II. ix. 89; sensitive; II. viii. 48.

Should, would; I. ii. 107, 108.

Shows, outward appearance; II. vii. 20.

Shrewd, bad, evil; III. ii. 246.

Shrive me, be my father-confessor; I. ii. 152.

Sibylla, a reference probably to the Cumæan Sibyl, who obtained from Apollo a promise that her years should be as many as the grains of sand she was holding in her hand (*cp.* Ovid, *Met.* xv.).

Single; "your single bond," probably "a bond with your own signature, without the names of sureties"; I. iii.

Slubber, "to slur over"; II. 39.

Smug, neat; III. i. 51.

So, provided that; III. ii. 19

Sola, sola; "Lancelot is im ing the horn of the courie post"; V. i. 39.

Something, somewhat; I. i.

Sonties; "by God's s." *i. e.* God's dear saints"; sonti "saunties," a diminutive f II. ii. 50.

Soon at, about; II. iii. 5.

Sore, sorely; V. i. 307.

Sort, dispose; V. i. 132.

Sort, lottery; I. ii. 121.

Spend, waste; I. i. 153.

Squandered, scattered; I. iii.

Stead, help; I. iii. 7.

Still, continually; I. i. 17; 136.

Straight, straightway; II. i

Strange; "exceeding stran quite strangers; I. i. 67.

Strond, strand; I. i. 171.

Substance, (?) weight; IV 339.

Suited, apparelled; I. ii. 85.

Supposed, spurious, false; II 94.

Supposition, the subject of jecture; I. iii. 18.

Table, palm of the hand; I 179.

Think, bethink; IV. i. 70.

Thrift, success, good fortun i. 175; profits; I. iii. 51.

Time, "springtime of life, y manhood"; I. i. 129.

Tranect (so the Quartos Folios), probably an error Fr. *traject* (It. *traghetto*) ferrie" (so glossed by grave); it is, however, n

worthy that in Italian *tranare* means to draw or drag. "Twenty miles from Padua, on the river Brenta, there is a dam or sluice to prevent the water of that river from mixing with that of the marshes of Venice. Here the passage-boat is drawn out of the river, and lifted over the dam by a crane. From hence to Venice this distance is five miles. Perhaps some novel-writer of Shakespeare's time might have called this dam by the name of 'tranect'" (Malone); III. iv. 53.

TRICKSY, tricky; III. v. 76.

TRIPOLIS, Tripoli, the most eastern of the Barbary States, the market between Europe and Central Africa; I. iii. 19.

TRUST, credit; I. i. 185.

TUCKET, flourish on a trumpet; V. i. 121.

UNDERVALUED, inferior; I. i. 165.

UNFURNISH'D, unmatched with the other, destitute of its fellow; III. ii. 126.

UNTREAD, retrace; II. vi. 10.

USANCE, usury, interest; I. iii. 46.

USE; "in use," *i. e.* (probably) "in trust" (*i. e.* in trust for Shylock during his life, for the purpose of securing it at his death to Lorenzo); IV. i. 395.

VAILING, bending; I. i. 28.

VARNISH'D, painted; II. v. 34.

VASTY, vast; II. vii. 41.

VERY, true, real; III. ii. 226.

VIRTUE, efficacy; V. i. 199.

WAFT, wafted; V. i. 11.

WEALTH, welfare; V. i. 249.

WEATHER, storms; II. ix. 29.

WHERE, whereas; IV. i. 22.

WHILE, time; II. i. 31.

WILFUL STILLNESS, dogged silence; I. i. 90.

YOUNKER, young man, youth; II. vi. 14.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. To what sources may the play be referred?

2. Tell the story from the *Gesta*, of the merchant his bond.

3. What is the main theme? What are the plots, how do they interact?

4. What character purpose does Jessica serve, an what relation to the Semitic question in the theme?

5. Who is the important individual character?

6. Around whom does the main dramatic incident t ter?

7. Criticize Antonio's attitude towards Shylock avowed by himself and described by Shylock.

8. Where does Antonio give a specific reason for lock's hatred of him?

9. What is the fundamental spring of Shylock's pression of malice and general character? Explain representation.

10. Of what is his final defeat a type?

11. What principles does the theme express? W constitutes the unity of the theme?

12. Describe the impressive characteristics of the eral persons of the drama.

13. Characterize the emotion of Shylock when he at last,—"I am content."

ACT I

14. What are the relative positions of Antonio and sanio?

15. How does Nerissa describe Bassanio?

16. What dramatic impression is attained by Antonio's mood of depression?

17. What is said of the usury of the Jews in Venice, as a matter of history?

18. How does Shylock speak, aside, of Antonio? How further, does he show his resentful feelings?

19. What bond does he exact from Antonio? What pretence does he make concerning it?

20. How does Antonio interpret the Jew's terms? How Bassanio?

21. How does Portia express herself over the terms her father has made for her choice of a husband?

22. How does she describe her several suitors?

ACT II

23. In what terms does the Prince of Morocco commend himself to Portia?

24. What is Launcelot's testimony to the character and ways of Shylock?

25. Is the mention of the "dish of doves" a necessary indication—in combination with other touches of local color,—that Shakespeare visited Italy, any more than the other scenes of his plays? is such literal personal experience always necessary to an imaginative mind?

26. What impression does the group of gay young men about Bassanio make, especially by contrast with his other friend, Antonio?

27. What does Launcelot's devotion to Jessica show of her nature as contrasted with her father's?

28. Does Jessica concoct the plan herself by which she is to escape from her father's house? What commands does Shylock give to Jessica when he leaves her in the house?

29. Are we given any reason to suppose that Lorenzo was not at first in earnest in his love-making to Jessica? What appears to awaken him to her merits more decidedly?

30. How does the choice of the Prince of Morocco close his character and mind?

31. What explains the reference to an "angel stam in gold" in the Prince of Morocco's lines?

32. How does Portia express her feelings when Prince of Morocco has taken his leave?

33. How does Salanio's account of Shylock's upr over Jessica's departure throw additional light on Jew's character? What is Salanio's foreboding on A nio's account, because of the Jew's wrath over his dau ter's elopement?

34. What light on the affection of Bassanio and A nio does the conversation of Salanio and Salarino throw

35. How does the Prince of Arragon choose? Wha characteristic in his expression of choice? What is P tia's comment when he leaves?

36. Whom does Nerissa wish may be the new suitor her lady, when one is announced, following the Prince Arragon? What is the dramatic value of the serva praise when he announces the coming of this new suitor

ACT III

37. Trace the development of incident in this act.

38. What is the import of the first scene?

39. What phase of Shylock's nature does his talk Salarino present?—What phase, the following pass with Tubal?

40. What is the feeling of Portia when it comes B sanio's turn to choose among the caskets? Describe passage, entire,—the sentiment and dramatic mood of it

41. What cast of mind does Bassanio's choice reveal him, judging from the reflections that lead him to it?

42. What does Bassanio mean by his phrases in li 124–126, scene ii?

43. How do Portia's lines in this scene, especially af Bassanio has made his successful choice, present her ture?

44. What is the dramatic effect of bringing all the pairs of lovers together in this scene?

45. What does Jessica relate of her father to make plain his enmity and resentment towards Antonio, in the scene where Bassanio receives the ill news from the latter?

46. How does Bassanio characterize Antonio?

47. How does Lorenzo speak of Antonio?

48. What is the plan of Portia to save the situation of Bassanio and his friend?

49. Where does Lorenzo express the real pettiness of the punning trick and strained wit-snapping of Shakespeare's time?

50. What is the service of the final scene? What does Jessica say of Portia?

ACT IV

51. What is the demeanor of Antonio throughout the Trial Scene?

52. What do Bassanio and the Duke say to try to influence Shylock to relent? What is Gratiano's part in the scene?

53. Describe the stand taken by Shylock.

54. Characterize the addresses of Portia in behalf of Antonio. Follow the development of her pleadings to its last resource, and explain in what ways it demonstrates a woman's way of reasoning.

55. How is the situation resolved?

56. What purpose is apparently in Portia's mind when she asks for Bassanio's ring as token?

ACT V

57. What is the distinctive quality of the opening passage? What is its effect upon the atmosphere of the whole act?

58. With what poetic theory do the lines from 60 to 63, correspond?

59. How is the atmosphere of the beginning maintai by the manner and lines of Portia's entrance?

60. What is the outcome of the incident of the ring of Antonio's fortunes?

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